FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

Fit "TripleX"- and be safe
Regd

THE SPHERE, AUGUST 23, 1947
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 1/6

THE SPHERE

Vol. CXC No. 2481 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC AUGUST 23 1947

McVITIE & PRICE

Biscuits of Highest Quality

EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

SHAFTESBURY HOMES
& 'ARETHUSA' TRAINING SHIP
1843 - 1947

Have
DURING 104 YEARS
helped nearly 38,000 children
FUNDS NEEDED
164 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

MARTELL
Cognac BRANDY
AGE & QUALITY FOR THE WORLD

Grant's Scotch Whisky
"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

FOR THE DISCRIMINATING
HARDEN'S
BLEND OF
CHINA AND EMPIRE TEA
A HARDEN PRODUCT — 4/10 PER POUND
HARDEN BROS. & LINDSAY LTD., 121 CANNON STREET, E.C.4

KING SIX
CIGARS 1/6 *each*
The quantity available for distribution is still, unfortunately, insufficient to meet demands.
Made by J. R. Freeman & Son, Ltd. Makers of Fine Cigars since 1839

TENNENT'S
BRITISH LAGER
J. & R. TENNENT LTD.
WELLPARK BREWERY, GLASGOW
ESTABLISHED FOR OVER TWO CENTURIES.
TRADE MARK

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE CO. LTD.
All classes of insurance transacted
10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM Office : Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

"THE MAGIC FRUIT" The cultivation of the Orange spread to the shores of the Mediterranean through Persia and Arabia, the traditional gateway between Europe and the Far East; and it was during the time of the Crusades that returning warriors first brought word to England of this delicious fruit with the fiery skin and sweet refreshing juices.

Does not this recall to us happy memories of Kia-Ora—the most delicious of all fruit drinks.

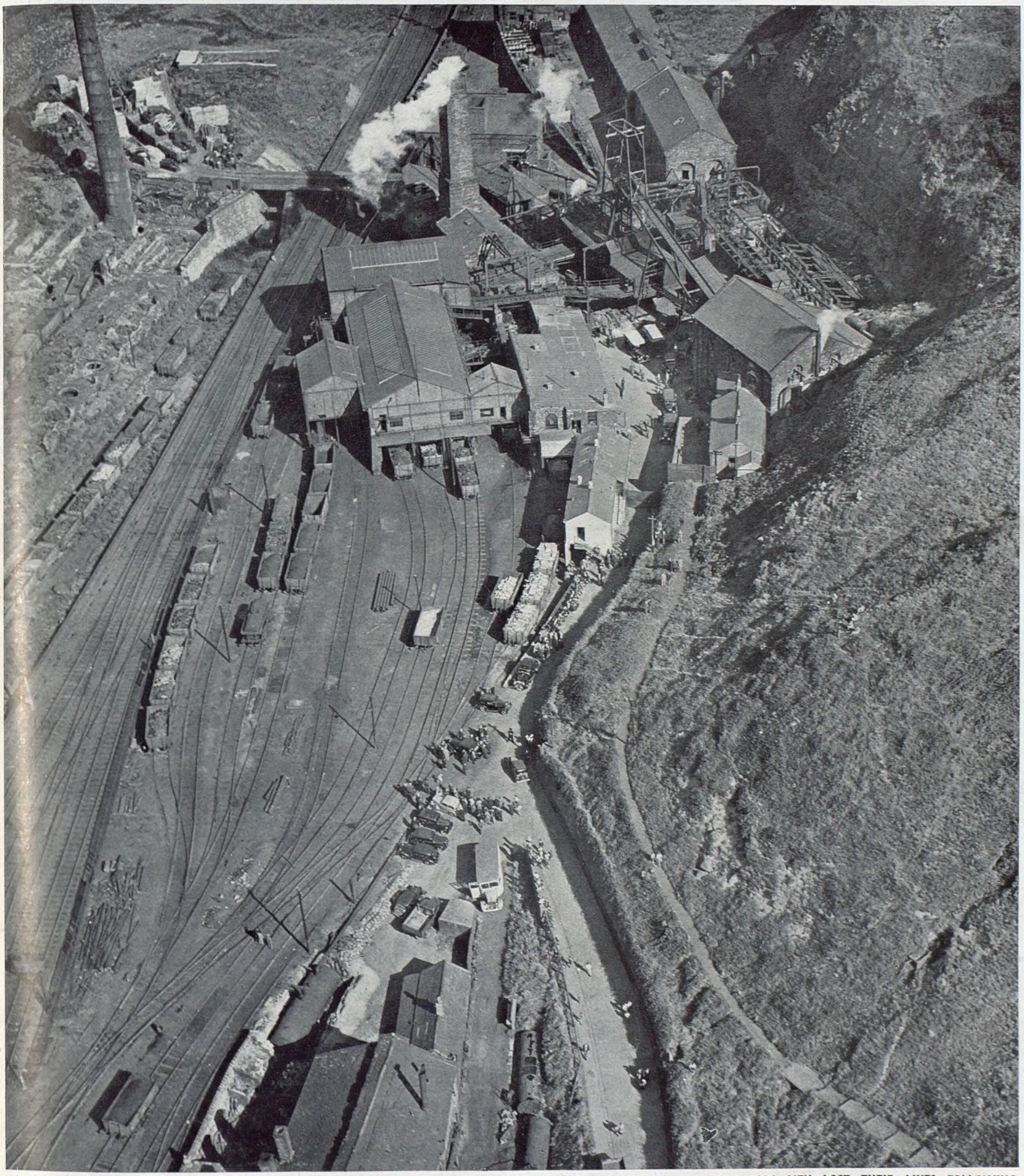
REMEMBER...

KIA-ORA

A REFRESHING THOUGHT

Volume CXC No. 2481 The SPHERE, London, August 23, 1947

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



THE CUMBERLAND MINE DISASTER—CARS AND AMBULANCES WAIT AT THE WILLIAM PIT, WHITEHAVEN, WHERE 104 MEN LOST THEIR LIVES FOLLOWING LAST WEEK'S EXPLOSION : Only thirteen underground workers survived, three of them emerging from the wrecked galleries twenty-one hours after the tragedy

The Cumberland mine disaster, one of the most serious in that area for thirty years, has involved the death of 104 men, and already a national appeal has been launched on behalf of the widows and children. The William Pit stretches beneath the waters of the Solway Firth, like several other mines on the Cumberland coast. The explosion occurred at 5.40 p.m. on the Friday afternoon shift. At the time forty or more workers had already ridden to the surface, but the rest were trapped by heavy falls of rock. More than 1,000 women and children, including anxious relatives and friends of the men, thronged the pithead. Nine rescue squads were on hand to help with the work, but of the entombed men very few survived. The three who emerged twenty-one hours after the explosion owed their lives to the experience of the oldest of them, who managed to find fresh air and to keep away from the parts of the pit most heavily affected by gas. (Further pictures will be found on page 227)

Postage—Inland, 2d. ; Canada and Newfoundland, 1d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 1½d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Notes on Holiday.—The *Newsletter* is seldom "first with the news." I do not know that it is always the worse for that. First news is sometimes false news; usually half-news or half-truth. Most events nowadays require a "construe," and are sometimes better presented after cool reflection. Anyway, for three weeks, I hope, I shall be enjoying my first real holiday since 1938, and the chosen location is in the remote Highlands, 13 miles from a town, at the end of a very minor road, in a gash in the high hills. There is no wireless, and the London papers arrive a day-and-a-half late, or more. That confessed, I resume my *Newsletter*. We have had some time to digest the last debates on our internal situation before the House rose and to examine the measures announced, and the powers taken by the Government to cope with our approach to national bankruptcy—those "pains and penalties" superimposed on eight years of pains and penalties, to which Mr. Churchill referred. These and those are the price we have had, and still have, to pay for throwing all we had into a common pool to save civilisation (as we believed) from complete and final tyranny and chaos. What we did not foresee in 1940-44 was that the common pool would, if victory were attained, be balanced by nimble accountants on very pre-war business lines, and that, win or lose, chaos would be piled on world chaos through the evil wills and affections of sinful men. The first item we could not have foreseen, the second we could not have supposed would prove so much more disastrous than in 1919-20.

A STRANGE CEREMONY IN A SURREY CHURCHYARD—THE REV. W. A. RHODES, ONE OF THE CLERGY OF ST. NICHOLAS'S CHURCH, SUTTON, ENTERING THE TOMB OF THE GIBSON FAMILY DURING AN EARLY-MORNING CEREMONY ON AUGUST 12: The Gibson family flourished in the eighteenth century, the era of the body-snatchers, such as Burke and Hare, who disinterred corpses in order to sell them to anatomists. Determined that her body should not be disturbed, Miss Mary Gibson, daughter of James Gibson, the London merchant who was head of the family, laid it down in her will that the tomb should be opened and inspected on August 12 every year. The keys to unlock the iron-studded door of the tomb were carried by a choirboy on a velvet cushion

Squandering Time and Money.—And there is another factor we did not foresee in our own domestic sphere. I am not one who blames the Government for all the misfortunes which have fallen upon us. Some were legacies from former Governments, legacies of war, sheer misfortunes unforeseeable. But we had the post-war history of the First World War. We could read, note and condemn the post-war squandermania of the Lloyd George administration and the patent errors of the approach to peace at Versailles, and these pointers from the past might have been more closely studied by statesmen in power after 1945. What we did not foresee was that once again after a world war we should elect to power a Government of squandermaniacs; that precious time for essential restoration and precious millions on millions of money would be spent on matters not immediately essential, if essential in any sense, at any time. We did not foresee that the entire economic and social system by which we came to greatness and by which alone we saved civilisation, would be shattered to the ground in a matter of months and replaced by an expensive and gigantic façade raised on uncleared and unsupported foundations. Small wonder if Americans expect that now at last there will be a pause in root and branch legislation. We have it now. It would be foolish to say that we "know the worst." We do not. Much worse is "round the corner." What we do know is that this autumn and winter we shall enjoy an austerity stricter than any we have yet experienced, though not so strict even yet as in some of the defeated nations. Taxation is virtually as high as ever it was; the cost of living continually increases. And as for luxuries, once called necessities, the increase in costs is measured in hundreds per cent. Before the war I used 17 tons of coal and coke to keep my walls from running water in the winter months. This winter I shall be lucky if I may *pay* for 1½ tons of "refuse" anthracite.

Leadership?—How much of all these subjects for *grousing* could have been avoided? It is profitless speculation. The question at issue is: are we the same people who in 1940 met their fate and overcame fate? Our troubles then united us and vivified us. We became rich soil for the seeds of leadership. There is no unity to-day and little sign of quickening. Our chosen Government has for two years divided us into the "shall-haves" and the "shall-not-haves." Instead of leadership, we have had legislation. Instead of construction, we have seen destruction. Instead of planning, we have had theory; instead of saving, extravagance. Above all, there has been at the top a total lack of greatness of mind, of soul and of intellect, of *leadership*. Justice and humility are essential ingredients in every form of greatness. We have been governed for two years by men inordinately vain and partial, and we approach a new winter under a tyranny, potential and in being, such as we have never dreamed of, wielded by an administration whose admitted and proven failures alone have shaken all confidence in their ability to pull us through, in the judgment of a majority of the nation.

The Crisis.—*The Crisis*, by Winston Churchill. I think it was a best-seller in my youth by our Mr. Churchill's namesake. And history is apt to repeat itself. August 4, 1914, and August 4, 1947. Certainly August 4, 1947, gave our Mr. Churchill a chance for a best-seller in the way of a fighting party speech at Blenheim, where he was born in November 1874. And indeed there are more joints than armour in the harness of the Ministers who in the last two fatal years have led us, like sheep to the slaughter, to the cliff edge, in their Gadarene rush to impose "Socialism in their time" without adequate effort to prepare or repair first the foundations which any building requires for stability. They did secondary things too quickly and first things too late. That is the burden of all fair criticism of Mr. Attlee and his gamblers; that was the main argument in the last great debate before the House rose. They would not see what the ordinary man saw from the start—the obvious and insistent parallel between the bankrupt individual and the bankrupt nation. The bankrupt individual moves to a smaller house, sells his car, cuts down on his hobbies, defers his pet dreams and schemes, and concentrates on balancing his budget. The bankrupt nation is in the same sort of boat on a larger scale. Is it a complete answer for Mr. Attlee to argue that the nation didn't want such economy? That is to beg the question of leadership. The crisis is on us. Its consequences may be frightful. No man can afford to grind a party or a personal axe. None can say that in speech or debate the Opposition sought unduly to make party capital out of this calamity of amateur statesmanship. No statesman in history can claim perfect judgment; many of the causes of our present crisis were beyond foreseeing, beyond prevention, beyond contemporary solution. But no Government in English history was ever so reckless, so improvident, and, worst of all, so lacking in that humility which is the mark of true greatness.

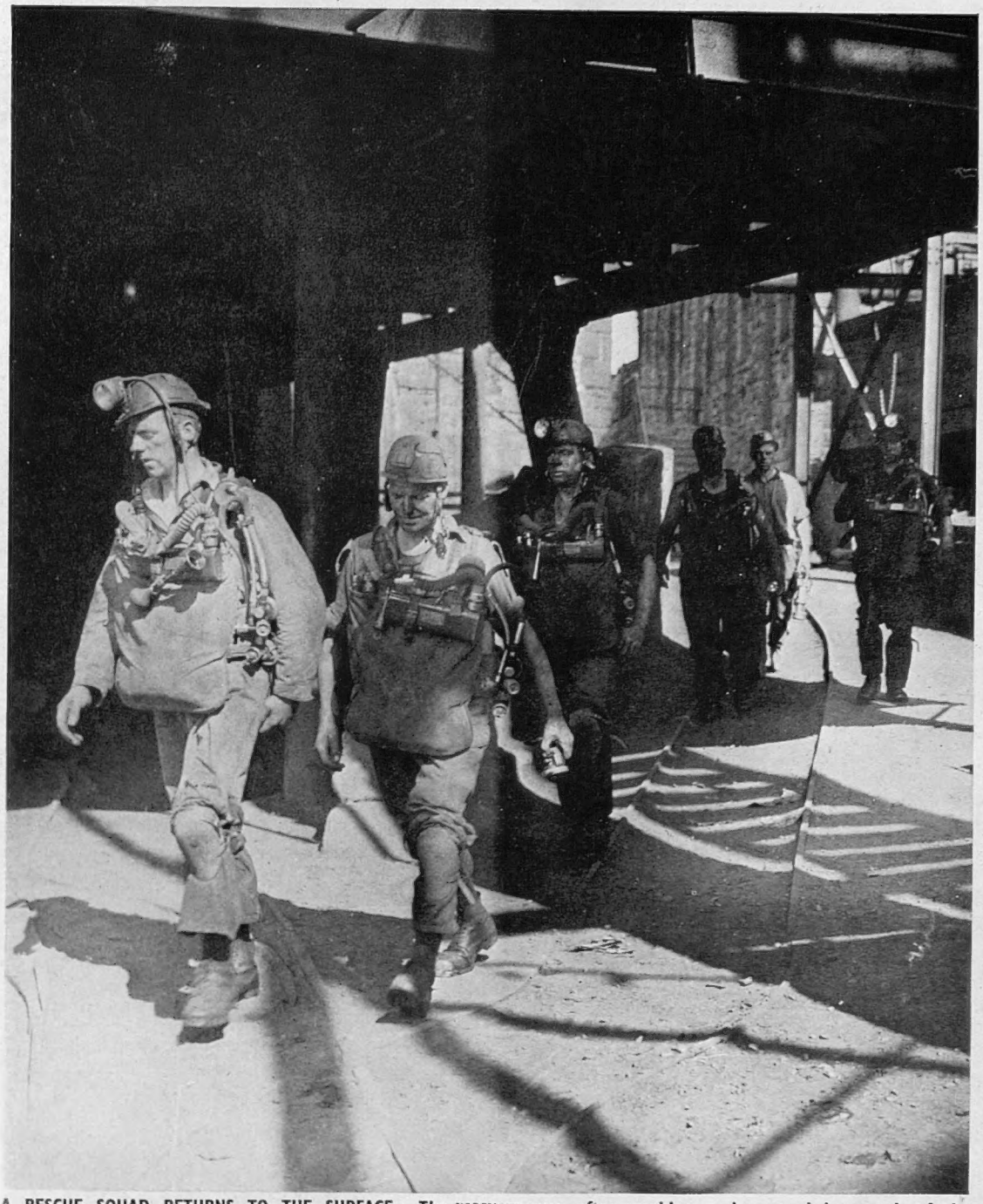
The Vanity of Ministers.—In fairness to Mr. Attlee, let it be said that in that vital speech of his surveying the crisis and its causes, which initiated the Great Inquest, he made once or twice an unemotional reference to the possibility that his Government may have gone too fast, made mistakes. I cannot recall that any such hint has ever fallen from the three or four of his colleagues on whom the storms of criticism have chiefly centred in the past year. Mr. Attlee's chief task was to secure co-operation, to get his blank cheques and sealed orders passed through Parliament with the very minimum of time and opposition, and he must have realised that the Opposition would insist on some small slice of humble pie as the price of their co-operation and the rationing of criticism. It was a small slice enough, especially if it was intended to comprise instalments of the same offering from colleagues who have never yet dared or conceded the admission of possible errors in wisdom, vision or administration. What is the value which the man in the street sets on Statesmanship to-day after two world wars in our time? Out of hundreds who have assumed the responsibility of governing, there have emerged two or three great figures, a dozen reliable assistants, and for the rest many score of amateurs, theorists, experimenters and failures. Small wonder if you and I feel strongly that humility is the first essential in any Minister.

Blank Cheque and Sealed Orders.—I dare say it would be fair to say that no measure presented to Parliament was ever so suspect as the *Supplies and Services (Transitional Powers) Bill* 1947. And, if half the blind supporters of the Government had the faintest conception of the totalitarian powers which it already possesses and had had the time and means of communicating their views to their M.P.s, that measure would not have got its Second Reading by 100 majority. Practically unaltered, there remained still those plenary powers granted willingly to prevent German invasion in 1940. They were renewed for five years in 1945, against the will of the Opposition. Those powers gave practically totalitarian rights over human liberty, powers framed for war emergency. The new measure extends them to cover political and economic projects of any kind, in time of peace. Indeed, by the "Leftest of the Left" the Bill was hailed at once as the short cut to the full ideals of Communism. In such circumstances the Government spokesmen had an obvious duty to explain clearly in what way and under what circumstances the Government might use them. But Mr. Morrison evaded every searching question, from Conservative, Liberal or Socialist critics. So also did his colleagues. The fairest critics of the Government, the most responsible organs of the Press, were at no pains to conceal their detestation of the Bill, and their acute anxiety of this bare-faced assumption of dictatorship by a Cabinet of theorists, amateurs and proven failures. Now at last this country of ours is paying the price for its shocking ignorance of and indifference to political events. If we find ourselves to-day blindfold and manacled, we can blame no one more than ourselves.

THE OLD STAGER

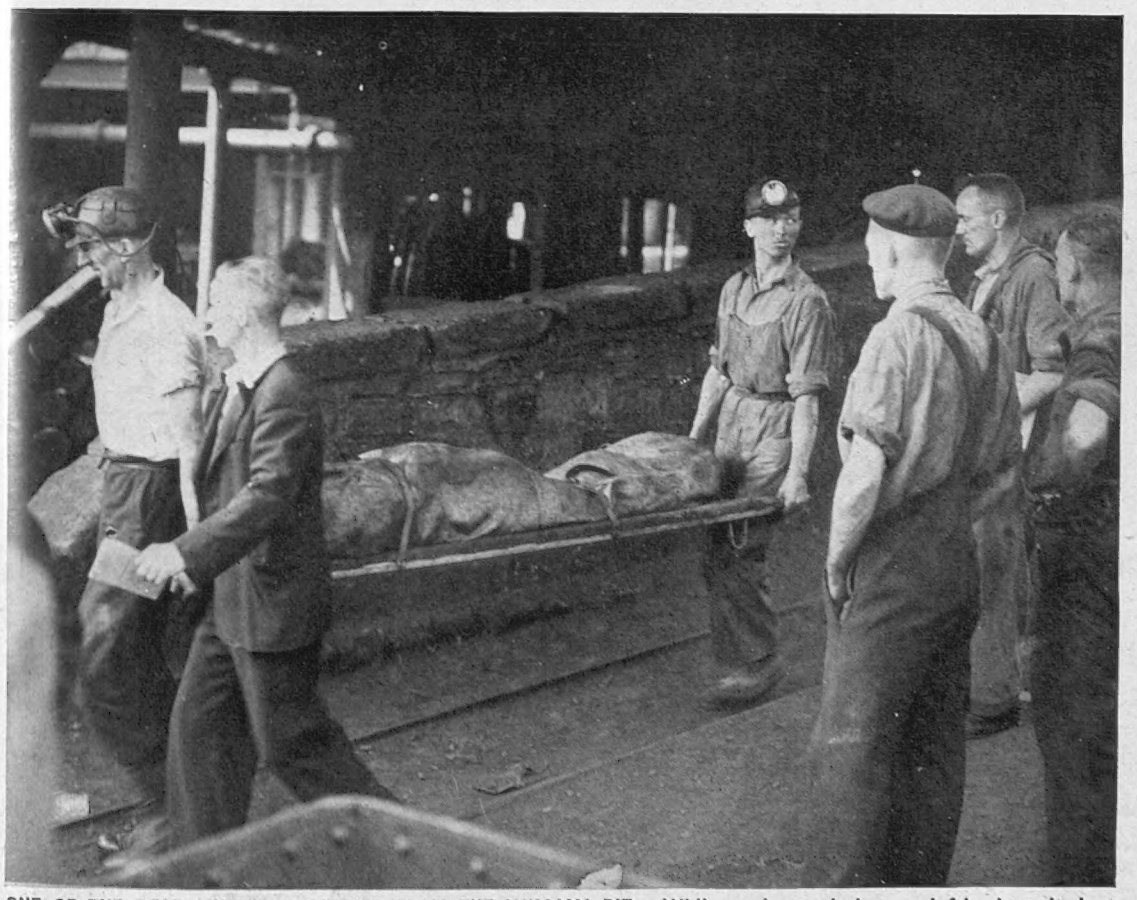
THE RESCUE SQUADS AT THE WILLIAM PIT

A Grim Task After the Whitehaven Explosion



A RESCUE SQUAD RETURNS TO THE SURFACE : The rescuers seen after working underground in search of the entombed men at the William Pit. They brought back the tragic news that there was little hope of finding any more men alive, but the work went on, and altogether nine rescue squads played their part in bringing out the dead. Twenty-one hours after the explosion three survivors emerged after making their way along the wrecked galleries of the mine. The explosion occurred about 4,000 yards from the pithead

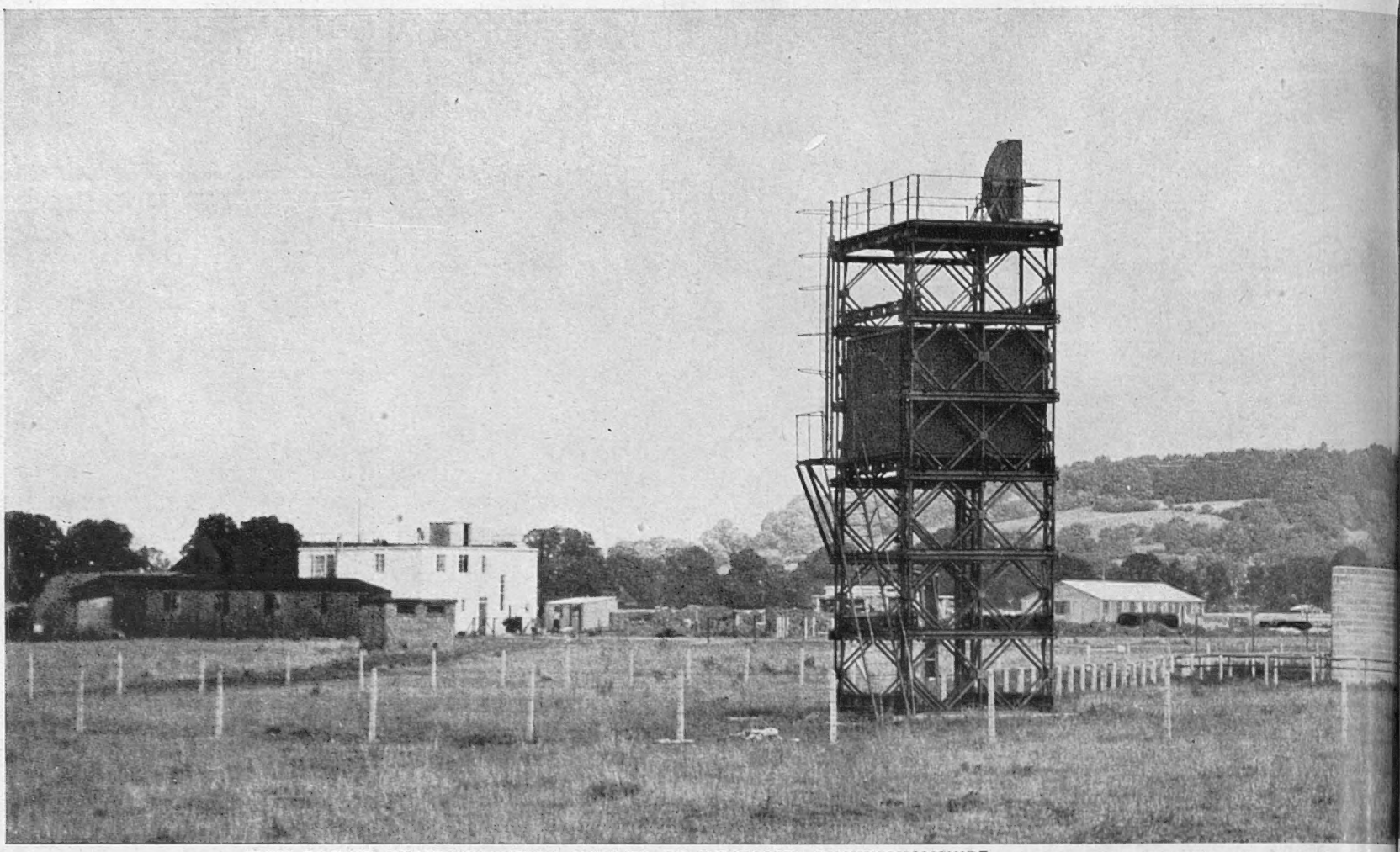
IN THE SHADOW OF A GREAT TRAGEDY : A rescue worker preparing to go down the pit



ONE OF THE DEAD MINERS IS CARRIED FROM THE WILLIAM PIT : While anxious relatives and friends waited at the pithead the rescue workers continued with their grim task throughout the whole of last week-end

THE LINNET ACTS AS BAROMETER : This bird was taken down the William Pit by the advance rescue party in order to show where the gas was largely concentrated, the bird's reactions being speedier than those of a human being

At a time when Britain is calling for greater efforts in the coalfields the hazards of the collier's calling are brought tragically home by the William Pit disaster at Whitehaven. As far as can be ascertained the explosion killed many men outright, others were caught by falling roof, and the rest were isolated in galleries filled with gas. Rescue teams from neighbouring pits all played their part, but there was little they could do except bring out the dead as speedily as possible. Meanwhile, the Lord-Lieutenant of Cumberland and the Mayor of Whitehaven issued a national appeal for funds on behalf of the bereaved women and children



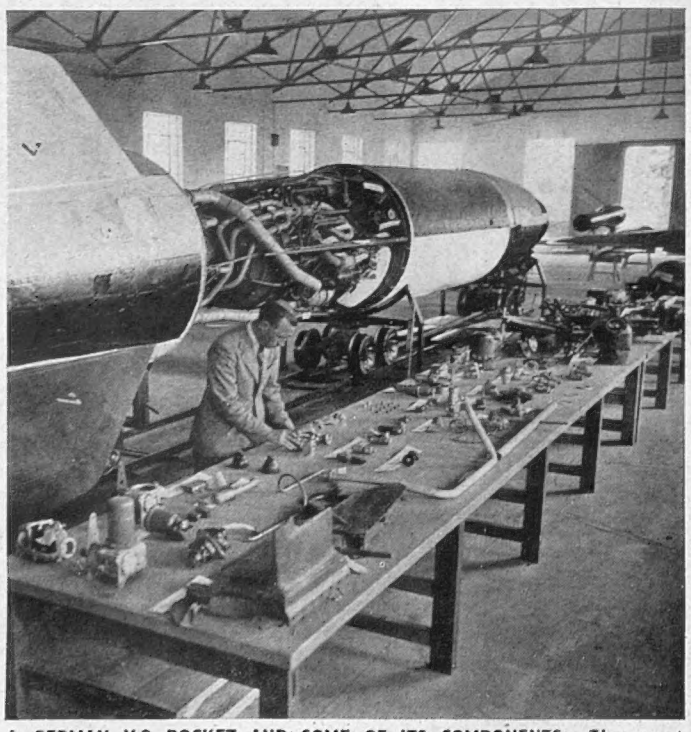
TWO ROCKET EXPERIMENTATION TOWERS AT WESTCOTT, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE — WHERE THE MINISTRY OF SUPPLY'S ROCKET every kind of motor which is developed. The practical tests in the air will be carried out on various ranges in isolated parts of Adelaide. At Westcott the work of all three Services is co-ordinated, and a staff of chemists, engineers, mathematicians, physicists,

ROCKET RESEARCH AT WESTCOTT

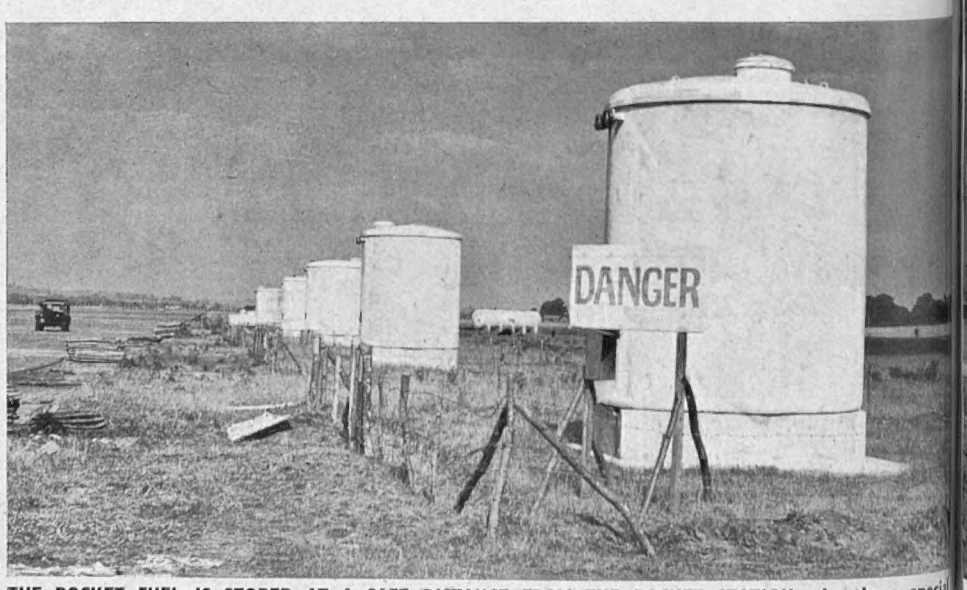
The New Experimental Station in Buckinghamshire

In the last eighteen months of the war Germany made Europe painfully aware of the potentialities of the rocket. The moment hostilities ceased, Russia, the United States and Britain speedily sought out in their own zones of occupation the scientists responsible for rocket development in Germany. To-day those scientists are working in the three countries along parallel lines. In America rocket research at White Sands, New Mexico, has gone right ahead, and some modified V 2's have actually attained heights of over 100 miles, their warheads equipped with a whole laboratory of recording instruments. In Russia we have no knowledge of progress behind the "iron curtain," while in Britain twelve German scientists, under Dr. J. Schmidt, of Kiel, are assisting our own workers at Westcott, Buckinghamshire, in an elaborate investigation of rocket motors. The Westcott station is operated on behalf of the Ministry of Supply by Mr. W. R. Cook, who worked throughout the war on rocket development. The establishment is sub-divided into sections dealing with research on combustion chambers; the methods of fuel supplies (ranging from compressed gas to pumps and turbines); combustion kinetics; heat transfer; and special materials

BUILDING A STATIC ROCKET POSITION AT WESTCOTT: No rockets will be fired from this position, but it will be used for the study of various systems of launching rockets



A GERMAN V 2 ROCKET AND SOME OF ITS COMPONENTS: The great missile is set up on a runway in its own hangar. On the table in front of the rocket are various parts of the equipment, which are now the subject of test and modification



THE ROCKET FUEL IS STORED AT A SAFE DISTANCE FROM THE ROCKET STATION: In these special aluminium tanks at Westcott there are thirty tons of highly-concentrated hydrogen peroxide, the oxidant for rockets. In the background can be seen a 100-ton oval tank

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

PRINCESS MARGARET CELEBRATES HER 17th BIRTHDAY

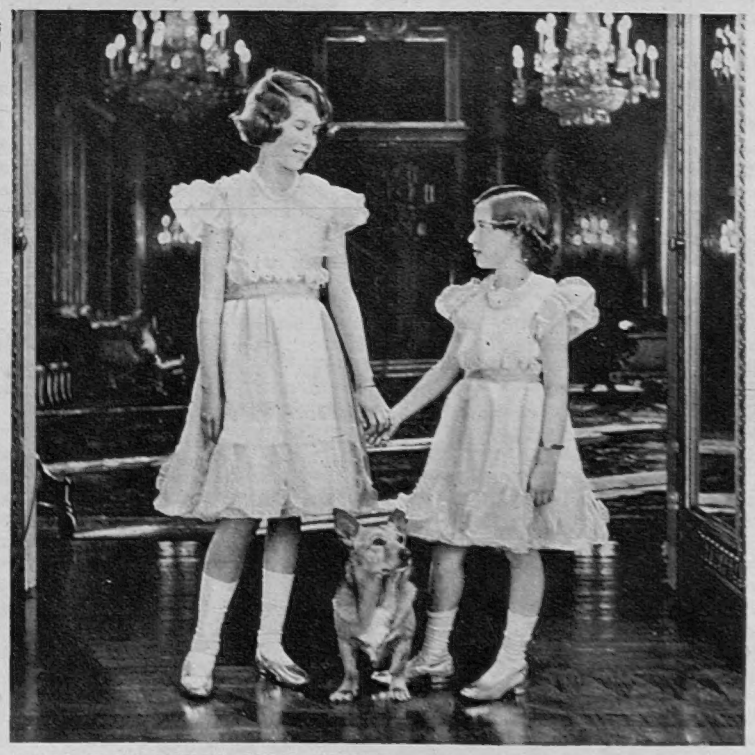
Her Newest Picture and Childhood Studies of the Princesses

PRINCESS MARGARET'S BIRTHDAY PHOTOGRAPH: This picture was taken at Buckingham Palace just before the Royal Family left for Deeside, and marks her Royal Highness's seventeenth birthday. The Princess was born at Glamis on August 21, 1930

THE PRINCESSES AT ST. PAUL'S, WALDEN BURY: An early photograph of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret at the Hertfordshire home of their grandfather and grandmother, the late Earl and Countess of Strathmore. Many of their happiest childhood memories belong to the days at St. Paul's, away from the bustle of London and the eyes of the multitude. Princess Elizabeth was born in Bruton Street and Princess Margaret at Glamis

On the night of August 21, 1930, a beacon flared on the Scottish hills—a beacon as bright as that which ringed the coast when the Armada menaced our shores—to tell the world that after 330 years a Princess of the blood Royal had been born north of the Tweed. Not since Charles I was born at Dunfermline had a possible heir to the Scottish throne seen the light on the Scottish hills. It was only fitting, therefore, that Princess Margaret should be spending a holiday among the Scottish people, with her family on Deeside, on the occasion of her seventeenth birthday. Princess Margaret, in common with her sister, traces her descent both through her father and mother to Robert II of Scotland. During the past year the Princess has been seen increasingly in public, and one of the highlights of the year was her visit to South Africa

TWO RECENT PICTURES OF THE PRINCESS IN LONDON: *Left*—Princess Margaret in Sea Rangers uniform during a march-past of Girl Guides. *Right*—The Princess driving in the Royal car en route to Euston at the start of the visit to Holyrood



WITH THEIR WELSH CORGI TERRIER: Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret photographed together at Buckingham Palace in 1939, when the former was thirteen years of age and the latter was nine

DRAWN FROM THE DESERTERS' RANKS

The Post-War Legion of the "Won't Works" has its Counterpart in Many Lands

By FERDINAND TUOHY

WHEN the word "spiv" was passed into the language by the Prime Minister in the course of a grave Parliamentary address, it was as if Mr. Attlee spoke of a social unit (the term is Dr. Summerskill's, indicating an individual) indigenous to Britain and calling for attention on account of unproductivity, or being engaged in unnecessary work.

No time was lost in comfortably pointing out that the sign manual of these people, usually young males, was their aptitude for keeping on the right side of the law, if only just. And an interesting study went on to ask: Isn't it better to leave spivs where they are, since they'd only contaminate people honestly at work if pressed in beside the latter? To say nothing of the army of catchers that would be needed to lay hold of the elusive ones.

A good case can be made out that this is over-simplification.

The type under review is far from being confined to any one nation. He is a child of the disordered political and social times. You will spot him in Times Square and on the Grands Boulevards, along the Kurfuerstendamm and the Via Veneto, in Kaerntnerstrasse and the Place de Brouckère, as easily as you'll find him in Shaftesbury Avenue. And it is so much moonshine to pretend that non-productivity provides the yardstick by which he must be measured.

There are grades and variations of this theme. The young man doing his tricks at the fruit barrow is nothing more than a novitiate coming in at the entrance. Presently, he starts moving step by step towards more interesting prospects than hawking a corner ahead of the police. He has set foot within a company whose ultimate monarch is Scarface. The idea that he stops short at a borderline beyond which stretches the racketeer's progress towards crime is further pleasant thinking.

I shouldn't be surprised if this nasty word "spiv" caught on internationally, like pickpocket and gangster. The spiv is father to the gangster. This is a new anti-social type who is apt to cross at any time into lawlessness, both here and abroad. "The world owes me a living," runs his motto, "or else." He is quite different from the young ne'er-do-well of the past, who, after a spell of easy money and living by his wits, had to face up to a society that meant business.

There is something political in our subject's make-up. He is a by-product of war and its aftermath of social upset. He is out to cash-in with a minimum of effort on what he deems to be a disintegrating society. Here is a novice set upon making the most of his opportunities amid a lowering public morality, in a society that has gone off the rails. Mentally dragged up in movieland, he is further fitted for his debut by the absurd adulation of youth, of which he has been a witness. Contempt curls the lip of many a spiv.

"The poor saps!"

That's us.

If asked for a computation, I'd say the present exponent was born of the year 1944 when loot and the findings of war began to be brought back by the soldiery. An adolescent stratum was dazzled by the rich drop-scene that beckoned. The same thing occurred in Paris, Rome, Naples. What thoughts of "money for jam" as the wealth of the vanquished passed from young mind to mind!

The American with "souvenirs" for disposal became, in particular, the hero and the model. *Wasn't he slick?* And what tales he had! What contempt for everybody on this side of the ocean! Other soldiers did the like, but G.I. Joe was the lad to copy, with headquarters, in our case, at Rainbow Corner.

To this day the directing minds of what is seemingly to be known as "spivvery" are drawn from the ranks of deserters (the permanent American compliment is "Awol"—absent without leave) and subsequent operators in the occupied territory, such as relief workers. These seniors, maybe in their twenties and thirties, who cashed-in on tremendous, unrivalled easy-money times, are the professors. Many, of course, have gone out of business, settled down respectably. For those who remain there is still considerable trade to be done in respect of loot that had to be kept secret, while the market in filched surplus war stocks remains almost rosy.

Such has been the horizon that has led the novitiate on for three years past, and which has sent many others, his seniors, into the sidelines of society because they "couldn't settle down" after the excitement, easy times and loot of war. (The looting started by the taking of watches from dead wrists on the battlefield; in a previous war it had not been so.)

In turn, the war "veterans" met their professors in the shape of professional crooks, and so the broad architecture is: professional, "veteran," spiv (or undergraduate).

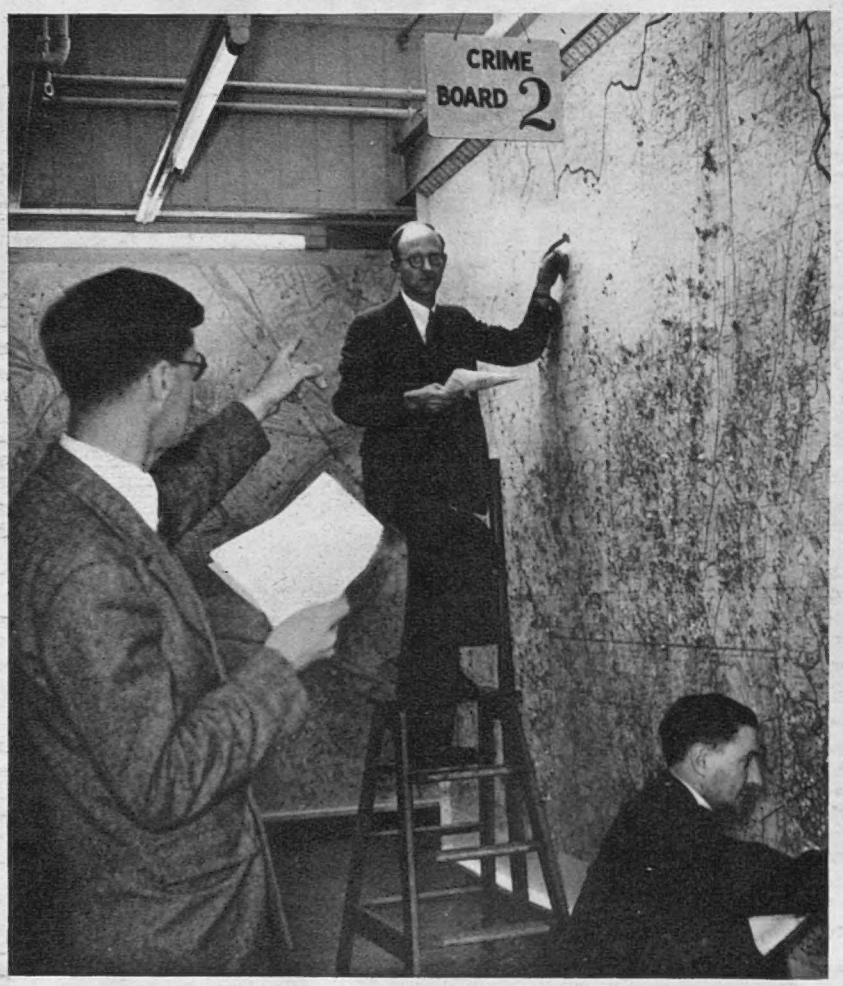
The last looks innocent enough when you see him in a place like Paris. He is more energetic than elsewhere and gives the impression of being sincerely hard at work as he fixes up *combines* with his friends. There's no hypocrisy of hiding the black market in France. Jean and Michel are *les combinards* ever on the look-out for *une belle affaire*. In flashy clothes of exaggerated fit, and making a speciality of arresting ties and footwear, they decide that society is rotten, so why not batten on it while one still can?

A young French spiv told me he learnt his tricks in the cunning school of the Maquis. You had to have your wits about you, take what you could get hold of, if you were to survive. It struck me that he took more after the nervi than the apache. Each is his spiritual forbear, but the Marseilles nervi is closer to to-day by his having been more up to date before the war. Indeed, the apache type had almost died by then.

The nervi is much slicker at police-avoidance, a smart guy, and a social success in places of chance—as most places are for a nervi.

The Neapolitan school for spivs takes one a step farther. By all accounts this was a unique spectacle such as could only have thriven in the city of Masaniello. It was extravagant and romantic and drew upon the wide field of loot and war stocks made available in wake of victory, and even before it.

Giuseppe Navarra, self-styled "King of Poggio Reale"—a Naples suburb—started operations with a regiment of the young and idle in late 1943. At zenith he had 12,000 working for him, directly or indirectly, from the age of ten upwards. The great majority were round twenty, which Giuseppe found the best age.



HERE CRIME IS PLOTTED: These huge maps are now in use at Scotland Yard to keep a minute-by-minute check on London's criminals. Different coloured flags are used on the maps to indicate the type of crime reported, and other flags are used to denote places where accidents have taken place. The maps are of Greater London and have a scale of 25 ins. to the mile. A ladder has to be employed to pin flags in the topmost parts of the maps

And to-day? And hereafter? How are Giuseppe's pupils faring?

Our subjects flourish in proportion to the degree of insecurity and discontent about them. Social uncertainty, or the hovering menace, are climates they prosper upon. The native-born spiv is as much a rarity in a healthy country—like Scandinavia offers—as he is, for a less attractive reason, in a totalitarian land. The one exception to this that I can find is the United States.

Here is prosperity, and the menace is, after all, distant. Yet what does the American Attorney-General report? "An army of 6,000,000 criminals."

Does Mr. Tom Clark exaggerate? Well, that's for him to say. My point is to note what he says of youth contributing pioneer work: "Four youths in New York used 'walkie-talkie' radio apparatus to keep in touch with each other while they committed burglaries, and they were found to be developing infra-red light equipment to permit them to see in the dark without being seen by the police. They were caught, not on account of any flaw in their apparatus, but because they succumbed to the age-old human failing of spending too much money in public places."

Which puts me in mind of the safest hide-out of the lot. Over 150 Awols have taken to the Algiers Kasbah, where the Arabs refer to them as "the American colony." By old-established custom the French police never put their necks out in the Kasbah unless there has been murder of a white person. The Americans are conforming. Most have gone native with Arab women, and they would evidently hate to interrupt the work of their Arab gangs operating downtown. Some of the latter have become "small-time Oriental Capones."

What a grim change-over to Berlin. But it must come into this picture. The Berlin spiv is a well-known character, especially in our West End of the shattered capital. He wears a long overcoat and long hair, and when he thinks he's out of Allied earshot, expels a devastating cynicism. But he is all fawning when you are around. To do him justice, he can't find much honest work. Another slight drawback to his calling is that German women, having reached an all-time nadir in the west, cannot produce money from the customary source.

Hans Spiv's highest target now is to work for underground German societies amassing funds for a Resistance. Cigarettes, jewels, gold, valuables, hard currencies, dope—he is doing a maximum job by handling any. Working for the Allies is neither as remunerative nor as healthy, but he does that, too, when the need arises.

Incidentally, *the* cigarette now that the Russians have swamped the black market with their packets of Drug, happens to be another form of—drug. The marijuana cigarette is all the rage. If only they can get hold of the small paper bags of the drug, which are brought from Paris, Germans can extract five dollars—dollars—for each marijuana cigarette. That's the stuff with which to swell the German Resistance funds.

How bright by comparison is the path of Hans Spiv's English colleague. The Government organ says that "Operation Dragnet" is to attempt to round up 314,000 of the breed, including 64,000 females. It is a tidy total, considering that practically the entire lot is of young, working age, and I trust the Government appreciates that, if "drones" are inherited, "spivs" are overwhelmingly since 1945. They are young 'uns essentially fighting away from controls of all kinds.

Our specimens are work-shy and control-shy. They are on the run from the call-up and the tax collector. Borstal and kindred coddling has vitiated them. The least harmful have taken to the broad highway—and there's a laugh there. A year ago Mr. Bevan said he meant to sweep the last 700 tramps from the roads. Position now is that in one region alone, South Midlands, there are 750 vagrants, many of them young and veering to "spivvery," according to the Rev. F. Jennings, who tramped 400 miles.

Our breed swagger loudly in the streets after "the Dogs" and on their way to the night-haunts. They handle stolen property, burgle, hold-up and beat-up, take money from women, have every angle of the black market. They have their calling written all over them, yet flaunt themselves, as if saying: "Your society is too weak to touch me!" The society that undertakes to look after them from the cradle to the grave.

MARATHON RUNNERS BRING FIERY CROSSES TO LONDON

An Invitation to Scotsmen to Rally to the Edinburgh Festival and Exhibition

THE SCOTTISH MARATHON RUNNERS PASS ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: Led by Duncan Macleod Wright, they ran through the City to the Guildhall, there to hand a message addressed to the Lord Mayor of London from the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, calling upon Scotsmen to rally to Edinburgh for the Festival and Exhibition. The Fiery Cross—one of the oldest traditional symbols of these islands—is made of birchwood bound with leather thongs and is traditionally the call to clans to join battle or give assistance

ON THE LAST LAP TO LONDON'S GUILDHALL: The Scottish Marathon runners, who had travelled in relays from Edinburgh, bearing their fiery crosses through the City. They left Edinburgh on August 6 and arrived in London on August 11

DESTINED FOR SCOTTISH COMMUNITIES OVERSEAS: The runners with fiery crosses which, on arrival in London, were dispatched to the United States and parts of the Commonwealth

TIDINGS FROM THE LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH: One of the runners brings a message to the Lord Mayor of London from Sir John Falconer. In the absence of Sir Bracewell Smith, the message was received by Sir George Wilkinson, the acting Lord Mayor

A FIERY CROSS FOR THE UNITED STATES: Captain Donald Anderson, a native of Madderty, Perth, who has flown the Atlantic 200 times, receiving at London Airport the cross which he has since taken to the Scottish communities in New York, to apprise them of the gathering of the clans in Edinburgh. Other crosses have been flown out to Australia, Canada, New Zealand and South Africa

On August 6 Donald McNab Robertson, the Scottish Marathon runner, left Edinburgh at the start of the journey to London, carrying one of the fiery crosses which are intended to rally Scotsmen all over the world to the Edinburgh Festival and Exhibition. Robertson covered the 25 miles to Peebles at a fast pace, and then handed over to the next of the runners. This relay of 407 miles reached London in a running time of 47½ hours and at an average speed of 8½ m.p.h. It was dispatched by Lord Provost Falconer and received in Guildhall Yard by the Deputy Lord Mayor. This was probably the first time in history a fiery cross had ever reached London, and never before has one been sent overseas. "We are rallying with it," declared Edinburgh's Lord Provost, "the spirit of Scotsmen all over the world to restore the position of our industries"

EDINBURGH AT FESTIVAL TIME

In August and September the Scottish Capital Welcomes the World to Her Festival of Music and Drama and Her Industrial Exhibition

When the Scottish Marathon runners arrived in London in the second week of August, bringing with them the fiery crosses to rally Scotsmen in all parts of the world, they drew attention effectively to the International Festival of Music and Drama, the Industrial Exhibition, and other events now taking place in the Scottish capital. Edinburgh, indeed, has never been more prominent as a cultural centre than it is at this moment. The Festival period begins to-morrow with a special service at St. Giles' Cathedral, and the first of the concerts at the Usher Hall will be opened by l'Orchestre Colonne. In addition, there will be the Vienna Philharmonic led by Bruno Walter, the Hallé Orchestra with John Barbirolli, and the Liverpool Philharmonic with Malcolm Sargent. Szigeti, Fournier, Schnabel, Kathleen Ferrier and Peter Pears will be among the soloists. Perhaps the greatest event of the whole Festival will be the performances of the new Schnabel Chamber group, which will be heard for the first time.

Drama will be presented in the Lyceum Theatre, and will be represented by a two weeks' season by the Old Vic Company and one week's season by Monsieur Louis Jouvet's Company from Paris. Monsieur Jouvet's Company will present *l'Ecole des Femmes*, by Molière, and *Ondine*, by the great contemporary playwright Jean Giraudoux.

The Sadler's Wells Ballet, from the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, will present a season of ballet at the Empire Theatre, with Margot Fonteyn and Robert Helpmann.

In addition to the affairs of the Festival an exhibition entitled "Enterprise—Scotland 1947" has been organised in the Royal Scottish Museum by the Council of Industrial Design, Scottish Committee. The architect and designer are Mr. Basil Spence and Mr. James Gardner, respectively, both of whom made such a wonderful job of the "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

THE TOWERING BULK OF EDINBURGH CASTLE—THE GREAT LANDMARK IN THE CENTRE OF THE CITY WHICH IN AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER IS RECEIVING AN INFLUX OF VISITORS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE BRITISH ISLES

Below—**EDINBURGH, THE CITY OF FAR DISTANCES: A magnificent view looking the length of Princes Street, with the Waverley Station in the valley and the familiar Castle Rock dominating the whole scene**

PRINCES STREET FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE SCOTT MONUMENT: It has often been called the noblest thoroughfare in all Europe. In the middle distance is the Scottish National Gallery, where a special exhibition is being held during the Festival period in the city. Another exhibition, "Enterprise—Scotland 1947," is being held in the Royal Scottish Museum under the auspices of the Council of Industrial Design

A FOCAL POINT OF THE EDINBURGH CELEBRATIONS: The Usher Hall, where many of the leading musical productions will take place during the Festival of Music and Drama. The Usher Hall was built just before the First World War

SADLER'S WELLS BALLET PRESENT "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY": Michael Soames—as Prince Florestan—and Gerd Larsen and Gillian Lynne—as his sisters—in the celebrated Tchaikovsky ballet which is being performed at Edinburgh's Empire Theatre during the Festival period

FRANCESCO VALENTINO AS MACBETH: One of the leading members of the Glyndebourne Company presenting Verdi's opera at the King's Theatre, Edinburgh. Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" is being given on alternate evenings

FOUR OF THE FAMOUS MUSICIANS TAKING PART IN THE FESTIVAL—BRUNO WALTER, LOTTE LEHMANN, SCHNABEL AND JOHN BARBIROLLI

Bruno Walter, Lotte Lehmann, Schnabel and John Barbirolli are among the outstanding names associated with the Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama. Lovers of Lieder will welcome the two concerts by Lotte Lehmann, with Bruno Walter as her accompanist. These are to take place at the Usher Hall on September 4 and September 6. The first performance of the new Schnabel Chamber Group will be on August 28, also at the Usher Hall, and John Barbirolli will conduct the Hallé Orchestra on August 31 and September 2. A special welcome will await Barbirolli on account of his magnificent pioneering work with the Scottish Orchestra before the New York Philharmonic Orchestra called on his services

FOREIGN NEWS IN PICTURES

Italy and the Black Market—The Exodus from the Soviet Zone—Australia and Indonesia—Mr. Jinnah Arrives in Pakistan

ON ROME'S BLACK MARKET: Foreign cigarettes find a surprising number of customers in Rome, despite their extortionate price. The Player and the Capstan, the American Lucky Strike and the Camel, can all be had

OLIVE OIL NOW SELLS AT 1,000 LIRE A QUART: This essential commodity in every Italian kitchen is in short supply, but on the black market stalls in Rome there is any amount of it for those with the money to pay the price

SPAGHETTI TREBLES ITS PRICE: A few months ago it was 60 lire a pound on the black market; now it is 200 lire

CANNED GOODS ARE THE MOST EXPENSIVE OF ALL: A potential purchaser examining a stall in the streets of Rome

ROME'S FOOD PRICES ROCKET: Ever since the close of the war the black market in Italy has flourished exceedingly. The shops and the street stalls are full of goods of every description, and nearly all of them are out of reach of the average purse. The situation for many families is tragic, and it is little wonder that the outward evidences of plenty in the midst of want have led to rioting in many towns and cities of the peninsula. Spaghetti and olive oil are both essential commodities in the Italian home, and the sight of these being sold on the black market has been a frequent cause of trouble. Cigarettes are a key product of the black market, and it would appear that these are still coming into Italy via the Allied armies of occupation in Austria and Germany. Visiting ships are another permanent source of supply, and the black marketeers can be seen bargaining in Naples Bay the moment new arrivals drop anchor in the Bay

THE FLIGHT OF ABLE-BODIED MEN FROM THE RUSSIAN ZONE OF GERMANY TO THE AMERICAN ZONE: The staff of a refugee camp in Bavaria filling in personal record sheets for the newly-arrived refugees. The number of illegal immigrants into the United States Zone in Bavaria is increasing steadily, and, according to a recent statement by the Bavarian Minister, Dr. Janicke, it has now reached 50,000. The refugees are for the most part younger men, under thirty years of age and former officers of the Wehrmacht. Most of them declare that they fear deportation to Inner Russia following a recent registration ordered by the Soviet military authorities in Berlin and Saxony

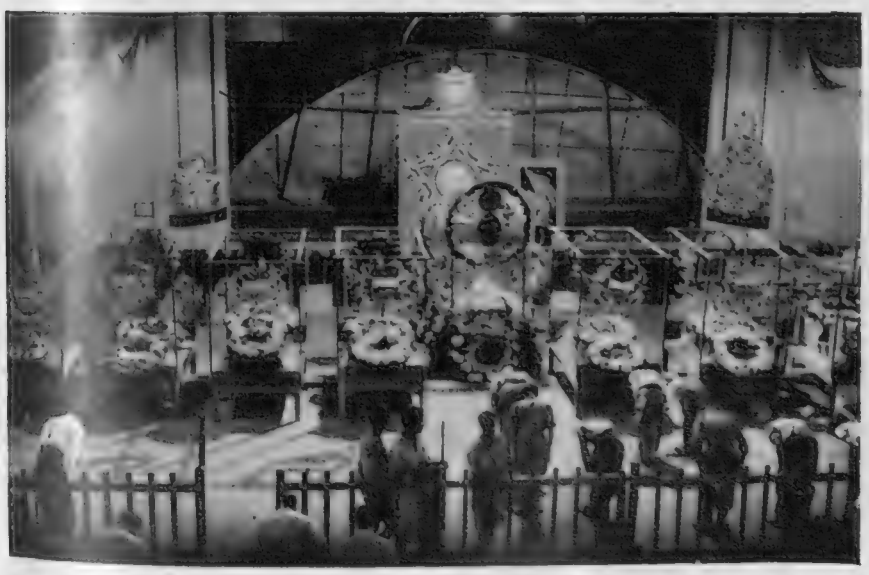
SIGNS OF THE TIMES—A POLITICAL PRACTICAL JOKE IS PLAYED ON THE SOVIET EMBASSY IN WASHINGTON: Michail S. Vasilov, the First Secretary, is seen removing one of the derogatory notices placed in the Embassy grounds fronting the sidewalk. The two men who perpetrated the deed said that they represented the Christian youth of America. There were swift repercussions, and the Soviet authorities have duly protested at this act of discourtesy

GENERAL WEDEMEYER PAYS A VISIT TO NANKING: Being greeted by Madame Chiang Kai-shek and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek on arrival in the city on his fact-finding mission for President Truman. The American Government still declines to abandon her interest in China, despite the total failure of the Marshall Mission of mediation, and it is General Wedemeyer's task to sum up the current situation. It is now nearly nine months since the Marshall report was issued, stressing the overwhelming suspicion with which the Kuomintang and the Chinese Communist Party regard each other. In that time the situation has not changed markedly, although the Communists have recorded some military successes

THE ANTI-DUTCH DEMONSTRATIONS IN SYDNEY—CITIZENS OF THE NEW SOUTH WALES CAPITAL PROTEST AGAINST THE ACTIONS OF THE NETHERLANDS GOVERNMENT IN INDONESIA : *Left*—A police officer taking a poster from one of the demonstrators outside the Dutch Consulate. *Right*—Plain-clothes police escorting a demonstrator from the scene. Altogether, fourteen persons were arrested during the demonstration, most of them students and one a boy, who was at once released. About 100 youths took part in the protest march through the streets of the city, but they were watched by a sympathetic crowd of about 3,000. The police intervened when some of the marchers attempted to enter the Consulate building. The Australian Government supported the popular viewpoint, and called for a United Nations investigation into the Indonesian fighting

INDIA'S ENVOY TO THE SOVIET UNION : Mrs. Vijayalaksmi Pandit, Indian Ambassador-Designate to Soviet Russia, bids farewell to her brother, Pandit Nehru, leader of the new Indian Dominion, on leaving Willingdon Aerodrome, New Delhi, for Moscow. The new envoy was India's representative at the United Nations' gatherings in New York

MR. JINNAH ARRIVES IN THE CAPITAL OF PAKISTAN—THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL MAKES A CEREMONIAL ENTRY INTO KARACHI : *Left*—Mr. Jinnah and his sister walking from Karachi Airport, where they were mobbed by an enthusiastic crowd. *Right*—Mr. Jinnah at Government House inspecting a guard of honour formed by men of the Baluch Regiment. Sir Robert Mudie, the retiring Governor, had left for Lahore on the same morning and the Muslim flag replaced the Union Jack. Mr. Jinnah, as the sole, singlehanded architect of the new sovereign State of Pakistan, the world's greatest Islamic State, starts upon his Governor-Generalship with his personal prestige at its height. In a farewell message to India Mr. Jinnah wished Hindustan prosperity and peace. "The past must be buried. Let us start again as two independent sovereign States," he declared



THE LYING-IN-STATE OF THE ASSASSINATED BURMESE LEADERS : The flower-draped coffins of General Aung San, Vice-President of the Burmese Executive Council, and of his Cabinet colleagues seen in the Jubilee Hall, Rangoon, where the public came to pay their last respects. The crisis arising from the murders of July 19 would appear to be over, and there is reason to believe that Burma has survived a dangerous conspiracy. U Saw, who was arrested on suspicion of complicity, is to be tried by a judicial tribunal. Meanwhile, the Constituent Assembly is working on the new constitution of the Burmese Union, and plans are being made to include the semi-autonomous frontier States

THE WOMEN'S LEGION OF RANGOON MARCHES TO THE JUBILEE HALL : One of many processions which passed through the city in the days following the assassination of Aung San and the other leaders. On arrival at the Jubilee Hall they filed past the coffins of the murdered men

The New Orange Free State Gold-field

SINKING THE FIRST SHAFT AT ST. HELENA

On April 16, 1946, the richest gold-find ever to be recorded in drilling operations in South Africa was announced from Odendaalsrust, in the Orange Free State, by Western Holdings and the Blinkpoort Syndicate. In the Geduld No. 1 borehole on the boundary of their two properties they produced an assay value of 23,037 dwts., or 68·6 ozs. of gold per ton. To mining men the news was not wholly unexpected, for it provided one further proof of the existence in the Free State of a vast new gold-field. South of this spectacular borehole, Western Holdings have already launched their first subsidiary, the St. Helena Company, and the pictures on these pages show the actual shaft-sinking operations in progress on that property. St. Helena has itself furnished rich borehole results, with one value of 2,700 dwts. and many values far in excess of those already encountered around Johannesburg. The shaft-sinking has made good progress, and before the end of the year the miners hope to make contact with the reef and to produce the first development figures in confirmation of the borehole results. At least nine new mines are to be situated in the Odendaalsrust area, and several more may follow. Some of these mines show promise of being remarkably rich, and the new gold-field may produce £50,000,000 yearly. The gold-field is being strictly controlled in its development, and Sir Ernest Oppenheimer and his colleagues of the Anglo-American Corporation, who have a large share in the enterprise, are planning new townships and new amenities which in the course of a few years will transform the veldt. Until last year Odendaalsrust was a quiet dorp living wholly in the past and typical of all Boer villages in the Orange Free State. Whether Odendaalsrust and its fellow-townships will unite one day to make another Johannesburg is problematical, but already they are assured of a tremendous future

THE HEAD OF THE MINE-SHAFT AT ST. HELENA: A view of the workings at the first gold-mine to be established in the new Orange Free State gold-field near Odendaalsrust. The geophysical survey drills revealed high values on St. Helena, and now, with the sinking of the shaft, it will soon be possible to estimate the true nature of this vast area of enrichment. It was a few miles to the north of St. Helena that the drills revealed last year the astonishing assay value of 68·6 ozs. of gold per ton. Odendaalsrust was besieged by visitors, and Orange Free State shares boomed

SINKING THE ST. HELENA SHAFT THROUGH THE KARROO SERIES: Mr. A. Thomas (right), one of the foremen at the new Orange Free State mine, watching operations in the shaft, which has already penetrated several hundred feet below the surface and before long will strike the gold-bearing reef already prospected by costly but vitally informative drilling operations. Mr. Thomas has one great problem. It is the crumbling rock of the Karroo series, which on exposure to air for twelve hours crumbles to clay. This makes complete concreting of the shaft an absolute necessity, and to do this a steel frame (seen at the top of this picture) is placed in the shaft and cement is poured into the gap between the frame and the exposed rock. The frame is moved forward as the cement sets and as the shaft is extended still deeper into the earth

THE ST. HELENA WINDING GEAR: Mr. Bellingham, who operates the skips which bring the excavated rock to the surface after it has been loosened by drills

THE ST. HELENA SHAFT RISES ABOVE THE QUIET VELDT—SHEEP STILL GRAZE ON THE FLAT LANDS OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE, BUT ONE DAY THERE WILL BE VAST TOWNSHIPS IN THE AREA AS THE NEW GOLD-FIELD DEVELOPS ITS VAST RESOURCES: Already one other mine has been started in the area, Welkom No. 1; and Welkom 2 and 3 will follow at yearly intervals, and there will also be the rich Geduld mine launched by Blinkpoorts, Western Holdings No. 2, and the Free State Development Flotation ("Freddies") farther north around the township of Odendaalsrust. It is predicted that all these mines will together produce in a single year gold to the value of £50,000,000, but very considerable development will be required before that stage is reached

THE MEN WHO DO THE DIRTY WORK—NATIVE MINERS UNDER THE CONTROL OF WHITE FOREMEN SINKING THE ST. HELENA SHAFT: They are working at an angle of 30 degrees, using drills to loosen the rock and shovels to fill the skips. In the picture on the right one of the skips is seen awaiting loading

ONE OF THE NEW TOWNSHIPS IN THE ODENDAALSRUST AREA—AN ESTATE FOR WHITE WORKERS UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN THE ORANGE FREE STATE, WHERE EVENTUALLY AT LEAST FOUR NEW TOWNS WILL COME INTO BEING: The houses are admirably planned and are intended to attract workers from the older gold-fields of the Witwatersrand to the new mines north and south of Odendaalsrust. One of the great problems in the new gold-field is water. This will be brought by pipe-line from the Vaal River, far to the north. New roads and railways are also being built in the area for bringing in supplies

AN OLD SAILING SHIP HEADS FOR HER FINAL BERTH—THE SIXTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD SQUARE-RIGGER "JOSEPH CONRAD" LEAVING THE EAST RIVER, NEW YORK, AFTER HALTING ON HER JOURNEY FROM ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA, TO MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT: The "Joseph Conrad," which served as a training-ship during the war, has been presented by Special Act of Congress to the Marine Historical Association of Mystic, and she will be used for training Sea Scouts. In the years before the war the *Joseph Conrad* made a round-the-world trip under Alan Villiers, the noted Australian traveller. Commander Villiers purchased the ship from the Danish Government

STATELY SURVIVALS OF THE SAILING AGE

The Last Voyage of the "Conrad": "Cutty Sark" and Her New Companion at Greenhithe: The "Katie" Goes to Copenhagen

UNFURLING THE TOPSAIL OF THE PADSTOW SCHOONER "KATIE": This picture was taken recently at Par, Cornwall, as the old vessel, renamed the "Bargfalk," was about to leave for Copenhagen, manned by the Danish captain and crew who had taken over

On right—
SAILING FROM THE PORT OF PAR: The renamed schooner "Bargfalk," the former "Katie," seen as she set out for Copenhagen. The Danish flag flies from her mainmast, and the name "Bargfalk" adorns the rail on the port side. Despite her considerable age, the vessel is sturdy enough and her heavily-patched sails have plenty of wear in them yet. Whether her new Danish owners plan to keep her in the Baltic coastal trade or plan more ambitious ventures with her is not at the moment certain

THE NEW TRAINING-SHIP "WORCESTER" AT HER STATION IN THE THAMES—THE VESSEL, WHICH CHANGED HER NAME LAST YEAR FROM "EXMOUTH" TO "WORCESTER" AND WAS DESIGNATED TRAINING-SHIP TO THE THAMES NAUTICAL COLLEGE, SEEN AT HER MOORINGS BESIDE THE "CUTTY SARK" AT GREENHITHE: The "Worcester" is the third vessel to bear the name. During her career of unexampled service, the second "Worcester" gave more than 4,000 cadets their apprenticeship of the sea, at least 1,000 of whom served in the First World War and probably an equal number in the Second World War. The third *Worcester* was employed during the last war at Scapa Flow as headquarters and home base of a minesweeping flotilla. She was built in 1905 by Messrs. Vickers at Barrow. At one time she belonged to the London County Council. Now nearly eighty years old, the *Cutty Sark*, which lies beside the *Worcester* and is also used for nautical training, was regarded in her day as the finest square-rigged ship afloat. She brought tea from China and wool from Australia, and when coming up-Channel with a following wind in the last stages of the race home from the East, she presented a magnificently graceful spectacle

CAPTAIN SILVER AND HIS MATE, MRS. SILVER, ON THE QUARTER-DECK OF THEIR HOME, "THE LOOK OUT," OVERLOOKING THE THAMES ESTUARY AT GRAVESEND: The black patch over Captain Silver's left eye (lost in an accident with a toy pistol when he was ten years of age) links him with the Long John Silver of Robert Louis Stevenson's Treasure Island. Captain Silver holds his nautical rank by courtesy. Figureheads are the principal items in his very valuable collection

A SHRINE OF LONG-DEPARTED SHIPS: Captain Silver calls this room Valhalla, as it accommodates some of the more important figureheads in the valuable nautical collection at his home near Gravesend

The world's largest private collection of ships' figureheads is included in 1,100 souvenirs of the Merchant Navy assembled by Captain L. J. ("Long John") Silver at his home, "The Look Out," overlooking the mouth of the Thames at Gravesend. There are eighty-four figureheads representing three centuries of the carver's art. Other exhibits are models (many done by sailors in the tedious hours of long voyages), nautical paintings, documents and relics of ships which long ago sailed into history. The collection is accommodated in rooms laid out like a ship—fo'c'sle, quarter-deck, half-deck, well-deck and a bridge—yet Captain Silver is a London businessman who has never been to sea except for pleasure trips

GILBERT and SULLIVAN AGAIN

The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company Begin Another Season

DARRELL FANCOURT AS THE PIRATE KING IN "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE": One of the great names known to Gilbert and Sullivan lovers since 1920, when he first joined the D'Oyly Carte Company, is Darrell Fancourt. In his early days he studied singing in Germany for eight years under such notable instructors as Lilli Lehman, Alberto Randegger, Armando Leconte and Dr. Lierhammer. He has sung at Symphony Concerts in Berlin, Paris, Geneva and Lausanne and, in London, at the late Sir Henry Wood's Promenade Concerts

HELEN ROBERTS AS MABEL IN "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE": Many of the soprano roles are sung by Helen Roberts, who scored a great success in New York, when the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company played there. Helen Roberts was born at Cleethorpes, in Lincolnshire. She studied under Spencer Clay and in Milan, and speaks Italian and French fluently. She has toured Italy in "Don Pasquale," and, in 1935, toured Britain with the Arts League Travelling Theatre

MARTYN GREEN IN THREE OF THE FAMOUS PARTS THAT WERE PREVIOUSLY PLAYED BY THE LATE SIR HENRY LYTTON: *On the left*—as Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., in "H.M.S. Pinafore." *In the centre*—as Reginald Bunthorne in "Patience," and, *on the right*, as Koko in "The Mikado"

GWYNETH CULLIMORE AS THE PLAINTIFF IN "TRIAL BY JURY": The young soprano was given her first important role this season as the Plaintiff in "Trial by Jury," the curtain-raiser which marked the beginning of the famous partnership of Gilbert and Sullivan and Richard D'Oyly Carte

MARGARET MITCHELL AS CASILDA IN "THE GONDOLIERS": She plays many of the leading soprano parts, including Yum-Yum in "The Mikado," and the title-role in "Patience." Margaret Mitchell was born in Glasgow and has been with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company for some years

In 1875 Richard D'Oyly Carte engaged William Schwenck Gilbert and Arthur Seymour Sullivan to collaborate for him in the production of a curtain-raiser. *Trial by Jury* was the result, and it was to mark the beginning of one of the most successful partnerships of the English stage. The present season of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company started on July 21 with a four weeks run at Sadler's Wells. On September 15 they begin a tour of the provinces at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and at the end of the year they will go to New York. The Company has been strengthened since the end of the war by the return from the R.A.F. of Martyn Green and the two tenors Thomas Round and Leonard Osborn, and from the Royal Navy of the light baritone Charles Dorning. Martyn Green joined the R.A.F. at the beginning of the war and, in 1941, went to Iceland with a party of 100 cadets for flying training with the U.S. Air Corps. Later, he was posted to the British Flying Training School in California as Administrative Officer. He did notable work in arranging concerts for the troops and was demobilised with the rank of squadron-leader

THOMAS ROUND AS FREDERIC IN "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE": One of the younger members of the Company, Round shares the tenor roles with Leonard Osborn. During the war he was in the R.A.F.

LESLIE RANDS AS THE LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER IN "THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD": He has played light baritone roles for many years and is to retire at the end of this season

RICHARD WALKER AS THE BOSUN IN "H.M.S. PINAFORE": He joined the D'Oyly Carte Company in 1924 and now plays many of the important baritone parts

FOLLOWING THE PILGRIMS' WAY

A Band of Young Men, Led by a Franciscan Father, Make the Ancient Pilgrimage

In the heat of an August day in 1947, 607 years after the death of St. Augustine, Father Francis and two Brown Friars from Cerne Abbas led the small band of pilgrims along the Pilgrims' Way to Canterbury. They were simply dressed and carried rucksacks, much as the pilgrims from the west who journeyed through Winchester to Becket's shrine at Canterbury, sleeping on the floors of barns, church halls and rest-houses. The Pilgrims' Way, which follows an ancient track, doubled in places, follows the scarp of the North Downs by way of Alresford, Shalford, Wotton, Merstham, Wrotham, Hollingbourne and Charing. Some folk-names survive in parts of the track, such as Beggars' Lane, Farthing Copse and Pray Meadows, and several churches on the route are of Pilgrim origin. These include Seale, St. Martha's (St. Martyr's) and Gatton

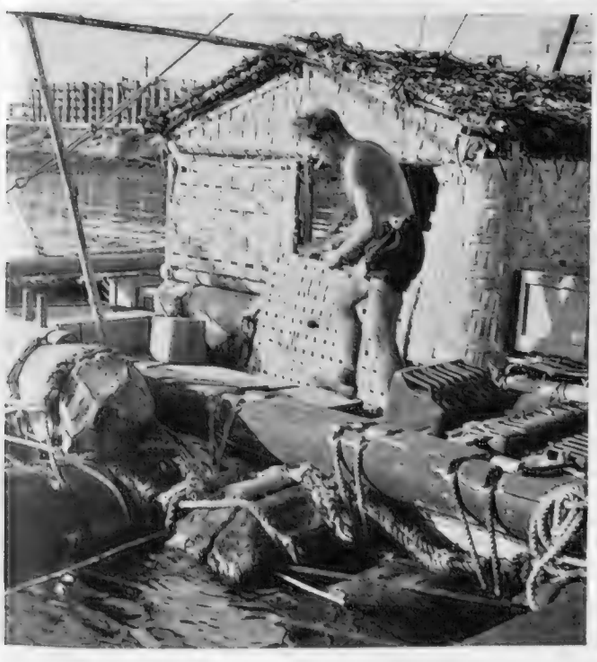
LED BY THREE FRANCISCAN FRIARS FROM CERNE ABBAS, THE SMALL BAND OF PILGRIMS LEAVE WINCHESTER FOR CANTERBURY: They are seen passing the Wayfarers' Hall, for the Pilgrims' Way, which follows the North Downs to Canterbury

THE PILGRIMS ASSEMBLE IN THE CATHEDRAL CLOSE, WINCHESTER: Led by Father Francis, with two companion Brown Friars from Cerne Abbas, the party consisted of young men and schoolboys. During their pilgrimage, they preached the gospel and performed a Franciscan play, "Sister Gold," at churches along the route

ON THE PILGRIMS' WAY TO CANTERBURY: Of the 120 miles of the Way, about 72 miles have been traced. It follows an ancient track, marked in places by ancient yew trees

A HALT DURING THE PILGRIMAGE: The party was very simply equipped in the manner of the mediæval pilgrims, who made the journey to Canterbury to visit Becket's shrine

THE "KON-TIKI," BEDECKED WITH THE FLAGS OF MANY NATIONS, WALLOWING IN THE WATERS OF THE PACIFIC DURING ITS REMARKABLE VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY: The "Kon-Tiki" is manned by six Scandinavian scientists, and they are trying to prove, by duplicating the feat, that ancient pre-Incan Indians travelled from South America to Polynesia on rafts carried by the Peruvian (Humboldt) current. On August 3, ninety-seven days out of the port of Callao, Peru, and after drifting 4,100 miles, the adventurers reached the island group of Amgatu, directly in the path from Callao to Tahiti. After a brief pause they resumed the journey. On the balsa raft the six scientists have erected a hut, and their equipment is lashed to the sides. A wireless loudspeaker hangs from a pole beside the hut



On left—**LEADER OF THE PACIFIC ADVENTURE: Thor Heyerdahl, one of the Scandinavian scientists, standing on the crude raft in which the party is now journeying across the Pacific**

THE CRUISE OF THE "KON-TIKI"

Six Scandinavian Scientist Adventurers Attempt to Drift from Peru to Tahiti to Prove an Anthropological Theory

If the *Kon-Tiki*, now drifting westwards across the Pacific from Callao, Peru, reaches Tahiti or the Marquesas, Thor Heyerdahl, leader of the expedition, will claim to have proved his favourite anthropological theory that ancient Peruvians in original model balsas covered the same route centuries ago in the course of Pacific settlement. At the time of writing, the *Kon-Tiki* is going well, drifting with the celebrated Humboldt current at a rate of 40 to 50 miles a day, and when she reached the Amgatu group, she was less than 1,000 miles from her destination. The *Kon-Tiki* is modelled on an ancient Peruvian balsa craft. Her voyage, it appears, has been comparatively uneventful. Whales, dolphins and sharks have played around her slowly-drifting hulk, and the crew have caught a multitude of fish. There has been one big storm, which, however, did not endanger the buoyant raft. The crew have kept in touch with the outside world by radio. Amateur radio enthusiasts have attempted to keep in touch with the *Kon-Tiki*, and have picked up some of the broadcasts.

(At the moment of going to press, news that the *Kon-Tiki* has foundered near Tahiti has been wirelessed from the Pacific)

PRESERVING OUR ARCHITECTURAL WEALTH

Threats to Canterbury's West Gate and Wells Cathedral; Cardiff Castle for the People; Beautiful Penshurst

CANTERBURY'S ANCIENT WEST GATE IS IN DANGER: The celebrated tower, round which the traffic circulates at the west end of the city, is in a dilapidated condition, and immediate steps are to be taken to put the roof in repair. This end of Canterbury fortunately escaped the heavy bombing

THE GROINED ROOF OF CANTERBURY'S WEST GATE: It is this part of the building which requires repair. The West Gate, Canterbury's only remaining gate, was built by Archbishop Simon of Sudbury, who was Archbishop of Canterbury from 1375 to 1381

On the night of May 31, 1942, the city of Canterbury, with no guns manned in its defence, was the target in the first of the indiscriminate "Baedeker" raids. This reprisal occurred a day after the 1,000-bomber raid on Cologne. In the Canterbury attack great areas round the Cathedral were reduced to ruins, but the West Gate lay nearly half a mile from the focal point of destruction. The gate was built in the time of Simon Sudbury, who, as Archbishop, crowned Richard II, and was later the King's Chancellor. He was never a popular figure, and eventually met his death at the hands of the mob on Tower Hill. Sudbury also rebuilt a great part of Canterbury's North Wall, and he began two new aisles of the nave

A NOBLE GIFT TO THE PEOPLE OF CARDIFF—THE NORMAN CASTLE, ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE BUTE FAMILY, WHICH HAS BEEN ACCEPTED BY CARDIFF CORPORATION FROM THE MARQUESS OF BUTE: The castle and its grounds lie in the very heart of Cardiff, bordering upon the busy thoroughfare of Castle Street, and the gift has added value in that the whole property, including many acres of well-timbered parkland, directly abuts on the well-planned civic centre known as Cathays Park. It is thus ensured that for all time the city shall have a vast open space upon which no encroachment can be made. The original site of Cardiff Castle was occupied by a Roman fort. The massive Norman walls and gateways are built on Roman foundations. The castle suffered in 1404 during the revolt of Owen Glendower, and in 1646 during the Civil War when it was besieged. It came into the possession of the Bute family in the eighteenth century

THE THREAT TO WELLS CATHEDRAL: The celebrated Chain Gate, built by Bishop Beckington, provides a covered way from the Chapter House to the Vicar's Close, a unique feature in ecclesiastical architecture. The Chain Gate passes over the main road, and vibration from traffic along the road is declared to be endangering the whole structure. It is even thought that the east end of the building may collapse unless swift measures are taken in the matter

Lovers of Wells Cathedral—and they are legion—must view with alarm Sir Charles Nicholson's warning with regard to the safety of the east end, particularly in view of the fact that notices prohibiting heavy vehicles from passing beneath the Chain Gate have frequently been disregarded. Sir Charles is consulting architect also for Lincoln, Lichfield and Norwich. Wells, despite its rural aspect from some directions, is much hemmed in by houses on the north side. For this reason it tends to lose some of its distinction, but the general background is one of green fields and woods. As one writer has observed: "The church itself, from lack of bulk, cannot hold its ground against the soaring apse of Amiens, or against the window in the mighty eastern gable of Ely. The cloister cannot measure itself against Gloucester or Salisbury; but the charm and glory of Wells lies in the union and harmonious grouping of all"

THE GLORY OF WELLS—THE WEST COUNTRY CATHEDRAL IN ITS MAGNIFICENT RURAL SETTING: The present danger in which the Cathedral stands from the vibration of traffic has been pointed out by Sir Charles Nicholson, the Cathedral surveyor. Traffic beneath the Chain Gate may have to be stopped

RURAL LEICESTER SQUARE—LIKE ITS LONDON COUNTERPART, IT HAS ASSOCIATIONS WITH THE SIDNEY FAMILY: Leicester Square—a name which conjures up visions of cinemas, lights and life in the heart of a great city—is also the name of this delightful spot in the heart of the country. This picturesque spot, which is in the village of Penshurst, Kent, has, in common with London's Leicester Square, associations with the Sidneys. Sir Philip Sidney, the soldier and poet, was born at Penshurst Place, the historic mansion situated close to the perpendicular Gothic church seen in this picture, while the old town house of the Sidneys was in the north-east corner of Leicester Square in London. The present owner of Penshurst Place is Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, the William Philip Sidney who won the V.C. at Anzio

BUILDING THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS

And Other Items of Home News

A FOREST OF STEEL RISES AT WESTMINSTER : Work in progress on the construction of the new House of Commons. The new Chamber, taking the place of the one that was bombed out of existence in May 1941, has been designed by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, and will contain many remarkable features. The steel framework, now more or less complete, is hidden from public view within the precincts of the Palace of Westminster. The next task is to clothe the scaffolding with stone, and for this purpose a quantity of the celebrated Clipsham stone is being quarried. Unfortunately there is a shortage of stonemasons with the necessary experience for this building work, and it seems probable that the contract will not be completed by March 1950 as scheduled. Clipsham, taking its name from a village in Rutlandshire, is a stone that has proved its worth for this type of work

THE LAST OF THE GIRDERS GO UP : Workers hoisting steelwork into place for the new House of Commons. The steelwork has been given a coat of orange-coloured preservative paint, as it may be some time before it is clothed with Clipsham stone on account of the shortage of masons

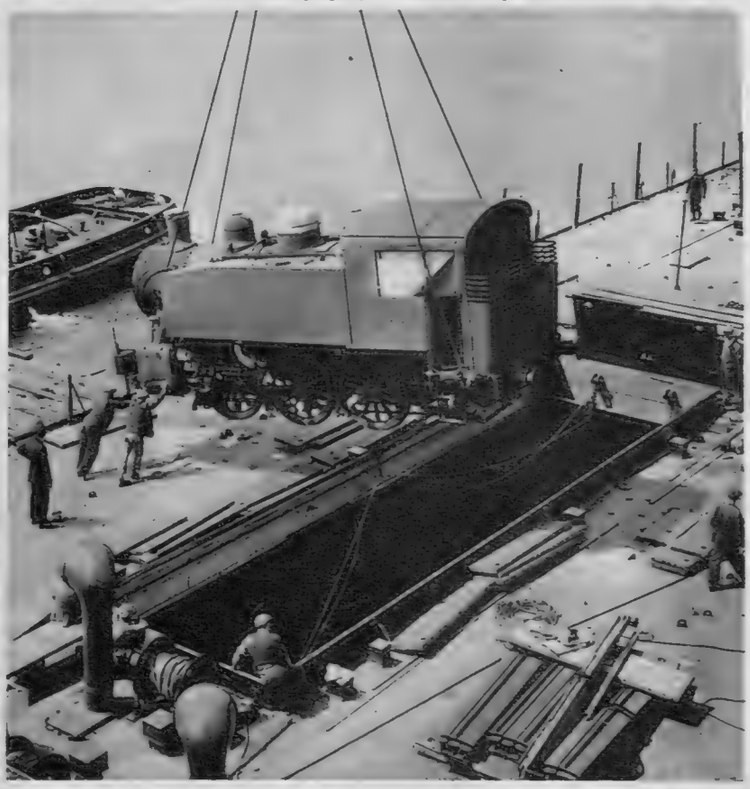
DELVING BENEATH THE RUINS OF CRIPPLEGATE : Workers searching in the excavations at Monkwell Street, E.C., where the Roman and Medieval Excavation Council, under the direction of the secretary, Mr. W. F. Grimes, Keeper of the London Museum, is systematically exploring the area laid waste by the blitz. Before building work begins again in this ravaged area north of St. Paul's, Mr. Grimes and his fellow-archæologists hope to gain valuable information regarding the little-known early history of London and also obtain a truer idea of what London looked like in the days when it was a Roman fortress. The present excavations follow the line of the ancient London Wall

DOWN TO THE STRATA OF ROMAN DAYS : Investigating the foundations of a wall in Monkwell Street, Cripplegate, London, E.C., where the Roman and Medieval Excavation Council is now engaged in an archæological investigation of medieval and Roman London. In order to complete the task, funds are urgently required

EPITOME OF DILAPIDATION—NEWBURY RACECOURSE AS IT IS TO-DAY AFTER SEVEN YEARS OF WAR SERVICE AS AN EQUIPMENT DUMP: Passing the judge's box are lorries travelling on a road which follows the line of the straight mile

RESTORING NEWBURY'S STRAIGHT MILE: An excavator at work removing the wartime roadway on the famous Berkshire racecourse, which is now being converted to its peacetime function after serving in an emergency capacity as a dump for American wartime equipment. When Newbury will be in action again as a racecourse is uncertain, as lines of railway-track and road have occupied the entire area, and there are many hundreds of hutments on the racecourse property. The stands and paddock are seen in the distance

LONDON'S FIRST CHINESE NEWSPAPER HAS GONE TO PRESS: Tien Yu Chen, the editor, and C. S. Chao, the founder, watch a compositor making up a forme for the first issue. The new paper is called "The Overseas Voice of China" ("Chiao Sheng Pao"), and Mr. Chao has put £10,000 into the venture. The biggest single item of investment were the matrices of 70,000 separate Chinese characters, which alone cost £2,000. From these Mr. Chao has cast thousands of characters, and with them the paper is set by hand. Although the paper costs fourpence to produce, it is being sold for threepence. The only member of the printing staff who has been brought from China is the "clicker" (foreman), who comes from Shanghai and has started to instruct compositors in the mysteries of the Chinese type-case



THE "LAST TRAIN" FOR YUGOSLAVIA: This shunting engine completed a consignment of sixteen engines which have been put aboard the 4,000-ton "Empire Baltic" in the Thames Estuary, and are now on their way out to Split, the chief Adriatic port of Yugoslavia. The engines are being supplied to the Yugoslavian railways through U.N.R.R.A. The *Empire Baltic*, which was built in 1945 in Canada as a tank-landing craft, was too late to see war service. She is normally employed on the Tilbury to Hamburg route. The rebuilding of the Yugoslavian railways is not yet complete, but what has been done constitutes a remarkable achievement

THE BARROW BOYS HOLD A PROTEST MARCH: Forty Brighton barrow boys, protesting against restrictions on their trading imposed by Brighton Town Council, marched from Victoria Coach Station to the Home Office last week to present a petition to Mr. Chuter Ede, the Home Secretary. Last October street trading was stopped in all but twelve of Brighton's streets, but the Council then agreed to license recognised street traders and give them stands. The men, thirty-eight of whom were traders before the war, include in their protests a complaint that "spivs" from London go down to Brighton on busy days in the season and cause trouble by obstructing traffic

TUGBOAT WEDDING: The Rev. T. Bakken, a Norwegian pastor, of North Shields, reading the service at the wedding of twenty-nine-year-old Johanna Aune and Mr. Wolhert Nilse. The ceremony took place beyond the three-mile limit and in the region of the Tyne Estuary, thus obviating the necessity of giving three weeks' notice of marriage under British law. The bride is only paying a short visit to England. The bridegroom is employed by a Newcastle engineering firm. During the ceremony the tug pitched and tossed considerably, and several members of the wedding party were seasick

SOFT FRUIT FROM SOFT CURRENCIES

The Source of Our Colossal Imports Examined. By CHARLES GRAVES

NEVER have fruit-shops all over England been more plentifully supplied with every variety of fruit from plums to pineapples. As for the Barrow Boys, they are by no means indigenous to London. They are to be seen as far north as Newcastle and as far south as Brighton. There have been many comments in the Press about the presence of these street traders, together with references to their vast earnings. It has even been suggested to Mr. Strachey that they should be turned off the streets. For once I agree with the Minister of Food when he said that not only were they part of London's tradition, but also they succeeded partially in keeping down the prices of fruit in the shops.

But where does all this fruit come from? Yesterday I set out to solve the mystery. But it was no mystery. Whereas before the war the vast bulk of the fruit came from South Africa (peaches, oranges and grapes); Palestine (oranges); and Canada and Australia (apples), now most of it comes from the Continent—in particular from Italy, which provides over 90 per cent. of the fruit which is brought across the Channel. From Italy we are getting pears, peaches, plums, grapes, cherries and mandarins, not to mention walnuts and chestnuts. From Greece the first of the 1947 consignments of black and green grapes (mostly the latter) are now arriving. The Azores and the Bahamas provide the pine-apples; from Spain come apricots and mandarins; but tangerines and clementines are Algerian and Moroccan; France sends cherries, strawberries, bilberries and very early peaches; from Belgium we get pears and dessert grapes; Holland sends pears; and whole shiploads of bilberries have been coming from as far away as Poland. Last year alone it was estimated that £6,000,000 worth of fruit was imported into this country from the Continent. This year the quantities are far greater, but the prices have fallen very considerably, for whereas a "tray" of forty-eight peaches cost 25s. in 1946, they are now fetching 8s. to 15s. wholesale in London. The best peaches, by the way, are shipped by Cortesi and Savorelli. Less than one packet in a thousand of these arrives damaged, compared with the average of 3 per cent. to 5 per cent.

Considering that the price of 8s. for four dozen peaches includes the cost of growing, picking, packing and sending them by various forms of transport from the gardens to Chiasso, and thence by rail right across Italy and France and Belgium to Ostend, where they are shipped by daily steamers to London, the wholesale price seems very reasonable. After all, it works out at 2d. each. From the wharf, of course, they have to be sent by lorry to the various markets all over the country, all of which they reach by 6 a.m. on the following morning, with the exception of Glasgow. True, peaches and grapes and every delicate fruit are very perishable, and unless they are sold fast, they may be a total loss. Nevertheless, there is little doubt that the shops (and the Barrow Boys) are charging too much for them. The same holds good with pears, which, as I write, are at the controlled price of 1s. 1d. Mr. Strachey should certainly reduce the price to 10d. As it is, the maximum price is, of course, the minimum price in most parts of the country.

Undisputed king of the imported Italian fruit trade, which, as I have said, forms 90 per cent. of the imported Continental fruit, is thirty-six-year-old Nello Simoni, who looks so much like Mr. Oliver Messel that when I met him I felt I had known him for twenty years. He has the same flashing smile, dark curly hair, expressive brown eyes and slight build. Mr. Simoni, who starts work at 7 a.m. and never stops until 10 p.m.—during which period he is talking to the Continent perhaps half-a-dozen times a day—acquired his own ships, his own wharf, and has two fleets of lorries at his continuous disposal. There are many transport firms operating all over the country and, of course, many importers of fruit, though none so enterprising as Mr. Nello Simoni. Big freighter aircraft, such as converted Halifaxes and Lancasters, come in every day at Heath Row with tons of fresh fruit. Dakotas arrive daily at Croydon with similar loads. Lorries, many of them specially adapted for carrying fruit, are waiting to load up and be off. At the wharf near London Bridge, where the three Dutch and two English ships discharge their crates of fruit, it is a wonderful sight to see how hard the dockers work. It takes two gangs of nineteen men apiece (one of them a tally clerk) to unload 300 tons of fruit in eight hours.

Eleven men of each gang go on board; the other seven stay on the wharf. Each gang is collectively paid 4s. 6d. per 100 packages which they handle, irrespective of their weight, which varies from 10 lbs. to 50 lbs. They are a cheerful lot and no wonder—earning up to £3 per day for five days, double money on Sundays when called upon, and up to 30s. for Saturday mornings. Incidentally, they all refuse to work on Saturday afternoon, and you can scarcely blame them. The astonishing fact of all this is that these men are paying twice as much income tax each week as the whole of their pre-war weekly wage.

I am told that the docker to-day is a much more intelligent type than he was before the war. Within five minutes of starting to discharge a ship he and his mates know to half-a-crown how much they are likely to earn on the job. How much work they would do if they were restricted to their guaranteed day rate of 19s. per day for five and a half days, I do not know. But if they unloaded two ships instead of seven ships a week, it would not surprise me. The discrepancy is, admittedly, remarkable, and it makes one wonder whether the day rate is too low or whether the piece rate is too high. The chances are that both are wrong. So much for piece work. . . .

With regard to the nationalisation of transport, it is quite apparent that this can well prove disastrous. There are so many different transport firms which specialise in a particular form of transport—anything from machinery to soft fruit. The £4,000 15-ton, eight-wheeled trucks equipped with special freezing apparatus for fruit would obviously be wasted if put in a pool of vehicles and directed to carry any other load. Another point against nationalisation is that the various lorry drivers in the different firms have regular runs—say, from London to Hull and back. It is not too much to say that just as the *Queen Elizabeth* and the *Queen Mary* operate most economically between Southampton and New York, because of the apple-pie order of their loading and maintenance arrangements each end, so the lorries are used much more advantageously on regular routes which have repair works and loading and unloading arrangements at each end. Moreover, the drivers know every inch of the way, every turn in the road, and can maintain a steady speed through fog and darkness. Send them on cross-country journeys over routes which they do not know, and accidents will be inevitable. Not only that, the men on the Hull to London route, for example, live at Hull and have special billeting arrangements for themselves in London. If they are sent all over the country they will have considerable difficulty in finding accommodation when they arrive in the small hours of the morning. Another objection to nationalisation is that private enterprise individual firms start office work at 7 a.m., and continue until midnight on weekdays and until 7 p.m. on Saturdays and until 8 p.m. on Sundays. Can one imagine Civil Servants working such long hours and having expert knowledge available at any given moment for, say, the re-direction of a convoy of lorries, or the despatch of a breakdown gang to the scene of a collision?

The difference between State control and private enterprise is noticeable when one looks at the fruiterers' shops. How often during the past year have you seen grapefruit, lemons and apples, compared with peaches, grapes and pears? The answer is that the first three are imported by the Ministry of Food; the rest come through private enterprise.

A still more specific case in point is the matter of walnuts. When they were imported a few months ago, they were almost unobtainable. Wait for this season's crop and see how easy they will be to buy.

What seems a pity, however, is that every day an empty steamer returns from London Bridge to the Continent. With so many motorists still clamouring to take their cars across the Channel, it seems a pity that the A.A. cannot make arrangements for at least a dozen cars to cross to Ostend daily at a very cheap rate. Apart from that, there must be other export goods which could travel cheaply to Belgium in this way. There must be some solution to the problem. The answer is probably a lemon. . . .

AN ITALIAN CONSIGNMENT COMES ASHORE: Unloading fruit from a freighter on arrival from the Continent at Burton Wharf, near the Pool of London. It takes two gangs of nineteen men apiece to unload 300 tons of fruit in eight hours. For obvious reasons the work has to be done at speed. The men are well paid for the work and can earn up to £3 a day. Sometimes one unloading job lasts as long as five days

LOADING UP A HIGH-SPEED FRUIT LORRY: The special type of van which delivers fruit from the London docks to markets in the provinces. These capacious 15-ton eight-wheelers have special freezing apparatus for fruit

537 FOR 2 AT THE OVAL

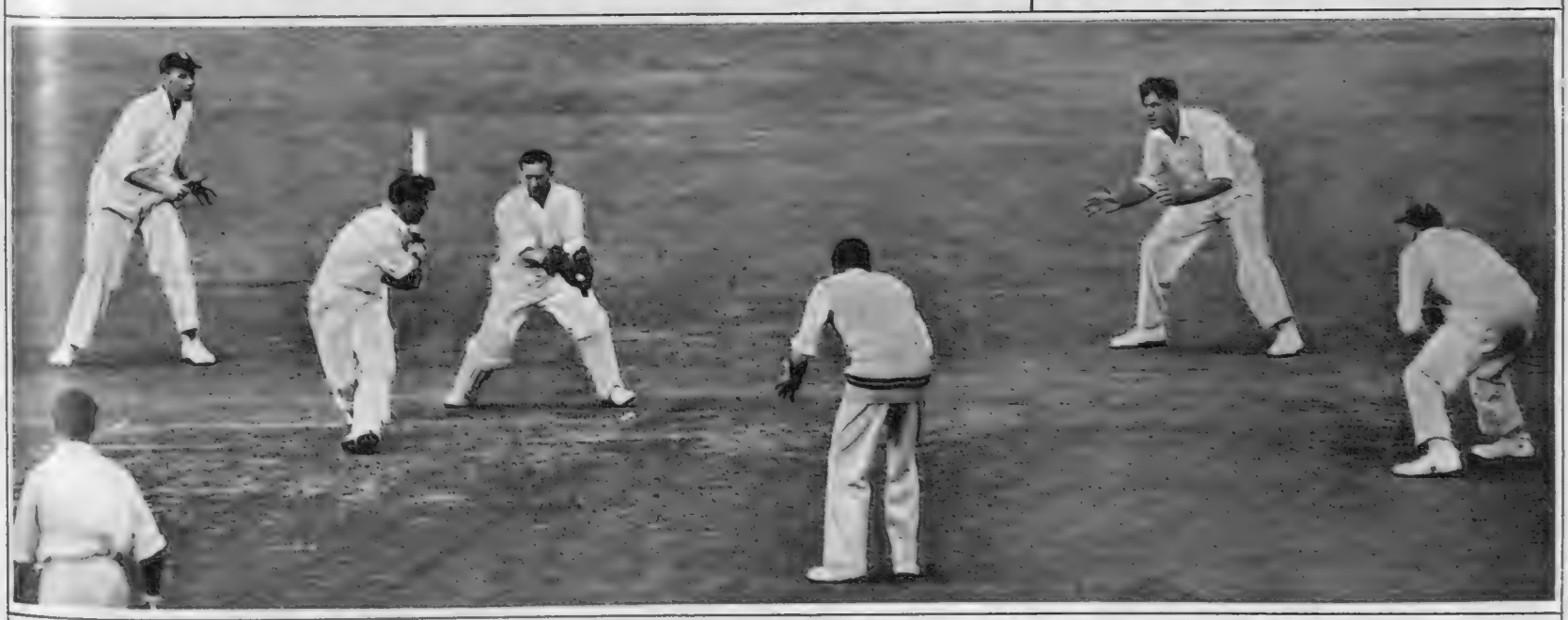
Middlesex Continue Their Extraordinary Spate of Run-getting

THE END OF ROBERTSON'S GREAT INNINGS: The Middlesex opening batsman, who has been on the fringe of Test cricket throughout the season but did not get his chance until last Saturday, seen as he was caught and bowled by Eric Bedser in the recent match between Middlesex and Surrey at the Oval. Robertson scored 127 runs, and his eleventh century of the season, laying the foundations of the total of 537 runs for two wickets with which Middlesex finished a day of sparkling cricket

Edrich, Compton, Robertson and Brown, each of them good for a century at any time, and usually in very quick time, are probably the most extraordinary quartet in the history of County cricket. The first three have scored over thirty centuries between them this year, and they have each made over 2,000 runs, with Edrich and Compton, at the time of writing, not far off the 3,000 mark. For Middlesex it has been one long avalanche of runs, and for cricket fans the fun has been fast and furious. Robertson, despite his prolific scoring, his masterly stroke play, has been overshadowed by the "terrible pair," Edrich and Compton, but last week he got his reward when Edrich told the Test selectors that a troublesome muscle in his shoulder rendered him unfit for the final Test. With his shoulder and side heavily strapped up, however, Edrich made a century against Kent and another against Surrey, leaving the impression that he is clearly after Tom Hayward's all-time record of over 3,500 runs in a season, shoulder or no shoulder. In view of the Middlesex record there was a bumper Saturday crowd to see the feast of scoring in the match against Surrey depicted on this page. They were not disappointed

SURREY'S YOUNG HOPE: Fletcher playing a ball from Denis Compton at the start of the Surrey innings in reply to the monster Middlesex total of 537

ROBERTSON LETS ONE THROUGH THE SLIPS: The new England cap jumping in an unsuccessful attempt to stop a snick by Squires. Robertson's selection for a Test match was long overdue



BROWN LAYS ABOUT HIM—HE FAILED TO CONNECT WITH THIS ONE, HOWEVER, AND THE SURREY WICKET-KEEPER TOOK THE BALL WELL OUT ON THE LEG SIDE: Brown contributed a skilful 98 to the Middlesex total of 537 in their first innings against Surrey, and he was the lowest scorer for his side. Brown is a brilliant fieldsman, one of the best in the Middlesex side, and in this match he put up a creditable performance as acting wicket-keeper

New Lamps and Old

ACCENT ON THE PEJORATIVE

The Pessimists are Abroad in the Land. By JOHN GORE

PEJORISM.—Pejorism has recently been unearthed as a substitute for pessimism, and it is properly defined as "the doctrine that everything is getting worse."

It is said that pejorism itself is "getting worse." Government pundits are always telling us to cut pejorism and to "smile, damn you, smile!" It is difficult, though desirable, no doubt. Even my own friendly readers sometimes remind me from the outposts of Empire that, while I cheered them up during the war, I am sometimes inclined to drift into pejorism nowadays.

And of course, if true, I have no defence. I can merely do what the pot does and call the kettle black. I argue that, even among politicians, in power and in opposition, pejorism is no new thing.

The very day on which this word was pulled out of a dusty drawer, someone published a list of the famous pejorisms of famous men, from Pitt onwards. Ruin and utter collapse, politically and industrially, was the burden of their seasonal lamentations over England. The lights had gone out, the map could be rolled up, nothing but shipwreck and disaster lay ahead. Wellington, on his death-bed, "thanked God he would be spared the spectacle," and so on.

I should enjoy the task of adding to that list of pejorisms from the jeremiads of men less famous.

How Lord Sefton, "the Pet," with an income of £30,000 a year, cried "All 's lost" 130 years ago, when a "property" (i.e., income) tax was introduced, to mulct each pound of his income by a penny or so.

How, after every Test Match lost in the last century, our Press has mourned the ashes of English cricket.

How Squire Stiffrump put on mourning for the landowner and fox-hunting when the Devil's kettle began to run on rails and the coaching roads emptied, a century and more ago.

It is not for nothing that the grouse is (or was) a purely British bird; and Tommy Handley's washer-woman is *not* an English type: "It 's being so pessimistic as keeps *me* gowing."

No Smoke Without Fire.—But that is not the whole story. "There 's no smoke without fire" is one of those damnable, ignoble sayings which hold a scintilla of truth.

Pitt said a mouthful, Wellington wasn't so many years out. Squire Stiffrump, if he was wrong about fox-hunting, was a truer prophet of the idyll of country life being smirched by the industrial revolution. And the last politician who saw "the lights going out all over Europe" wore no blinkers.

If Hope never quite deserts humanity, man at least never is, but always to be, blessed. And the era in which we live to-day is (like every other in history) just a "period of transition" from ancient evils to a new Jerusalem. We must wait in patience, and do a little grousing to pass the time, until our children will be blessed.

Perhaps we ought not to examine too closely the prophecies of the Pejorists, lest we find too large a scintilla of truth in their jeremiads.

If fox-hunting flourished exceedingly a century after old Stiffrump went to his niche in his parish church, the idyll of his squirearchy has not survived to this day. The French Revolution, the American revolution, the Industrial revolution did, after all, have grave consequences for stable government and government by the best fitted, and for country life. And there is some colour for the theory that revolutionary events in politics and science have a more immediate effect on our lives than they had a century ago—and a more evil effect, too. Reaction follows action more and more swiftly since the internal combustion engine came on the road, since Blériot first flew the Channel and the wireless and the rocket and the atom bomb came to plague our lives and unseat our native reason and integrity. Hadrian and Peel took the same time to post from Rome to London. But in the last century space has narrowed alarmingly and disastrously as man achieves the speed of sound.

I believe that a more exact definition of the word pejorism is "the theory that everything in nature is getting worse"—and there is certainly to-day colour for this exactitude in the dismal catalogue of weather records smashed in the past two years. Whether it is rain or drought, snow or fog, ice or cloud, unseasonable heat or cold, floods or winds, the Press and wireless invariably assure us with almost sadistic satisfaction that all records have been broken since records were kept. But whether this is, in reality, an instance of pejorism in its strictest sense, or merely an instance of the pessimism of men, I do not know.

I sometimes think it a pity that we keep such meticulous records, which always seem to encourage pejorism rather than gratification. Our ancestors weathered the weather—much the same mixture in their day as in ours—without everlastingly comparing it with statistical records, and they seem to have been far less pejoristic (and boring) in references to it. Charles II, for instance, had a good word for English weather; and he was a good judge, for he was often abroad in all weathers. And you and I, who are old men, remember that in our hot youth (when records were less exhaustively kept) the long summer days stretched continuously from May to October, and delightful, seasonable autumns and winters followed on summer's heels!

Facts and figures are a dreary and unsatisfactory substitute for human memory working on the sundial plan.

A Weak Defence.—But I ramble on . . . and as yet have put up no adequate defence to the charge which kind and candid readers have brought against me that, cheerful during the wars, I grow pejoristic in the present era of peace. What shall I say? Shall I plead the advance of old age? It is not a bad defence. I never put much faith, from personal observation, in that "grow old along with me; the best is yet to be." The downward road is still strewn with obstacles. One grows deafer, more stiff, more easily tired; old friends die and new plagues fasten on one. Plans seem ever more difficult to make and ever less worth the trouble of making. One prefers one's own bed to any other, even as the contents of one's own house and the amenities of one's own garden lose something of their former pride and interest. Nature is a niggard in the creation of supermen. There are very few among us of the type of Churchill, Smuts or Queen Mary, who grow old busily, usefully, gracefully, and appear never even for an hour to shed zest for living and interest in the human drama, or to acknowledge to the world (and presumably to themselves) the insidious advance of pejorism which attacks us lesser men and women.

Myself, I like the word as little as I like the thing it stands for, but, if I am to be honest with you and with myself, I have to confess its presence on my pillow and at my desk, in my up-rising and my down-sitting, on my lawn and in my wood and cabbage patch.

I was born perhaps at the wrong time. I ought to find adequate contentment to-day in observing the arrival of greater good for a greater number. A nobler nature would do so, once convinced that the greater number is indeed enjoying the greater good. But there is in my heart the cancer of Edwardianism, and that curse acquired in the age of Privilege on the fringe of privilege—a hankering after a final chapter of dignity, ease, peace and comparative comfort, sweets of eld which were wont to produce philosophic contentment, all passion spent, all ambition dead, spurious, perhaps, and senile, but none the less serviceable. And I do not find them to-day, nor expect to find them to-morrow. On the contrary, I find myself being jostled, hustled, ordered about, forbidden to do this or that, spied on, mulcted and penalised by bureaucrats, and not always accorded that respect, which grey hairs once claimed as of right, by bus conductors, shop assistants and the man in the street. So it is that pejorism keeps on creeping in, as the good manners of our race, once of a high standard, continue to decline.

BUCKLER'S HARD—WHERE ENGLAND BUILT HER WOODEN WALLS IN NAPOLEONIC DAYS

BUCKLER'S HARD TO-DAY—THE HAMPSHIRE VILLAGE ON THE BEAULIEU RIVER, NEW FOREST, WHERE MANY OF OUR WARSHIPS WERE BUILT FOR THE WOODEN NAVY: Hardly anything is left now of the busy shipyard to which oak felled in the forest was brought for fashioning into men-of-war. The line of these cottages runs along the line of one of the slipways

SOME OF THE PICTURESQUE OLD HOUSES OF BUCKLER'S HARD: The house on the left is the village chapel, and the building on the right (now an hotel) was once the home of the Adams family, the master-builders responsible for many of the old wooden walls launched from this Hampshire village between 1743 and 1818. During the Napoleonic Wars these ships took part in nearly every fight of importance, and at the Battle of Trafalgar there were three battleships which had been built at Buckler's Hard, all famous vessels—the "Agamemnon," the "Swiftsure" and the "Euryalus." To-day the slipways, the forges and the shops are gone, and the glory of the once-famous New Forest shipyard at Buckler's Hard has departed. Only its old-world charm remains

THE BULL-FIGHTING SEÑORITA FROM PERU

Conchita Cintron Shows Her Prowess in the Bayonne Ring

SHE WAS PAID 600 GUINEAS TO APPEAR IN THE BAYONNE RING: Señorita Conchita Cintron, the only woman bull-fighter, tall, tanned and blonde and with cool grey eyes. She is standing at the entrance to the arena, where she received a great ovation from the people of Bayonne. Fifteen thousand aficionados applauded her performance

WHILE THE PICADORS HOLD THE CENTRE OF THE RING: The woman bull-fighter, Conchita Cintron, stands by with her cloak. If attacked by the bull she can gain the safety of the wooden barrier on her left

In Spain, bull-fighting is not particularly strict in its conventions, as witness the heinous devices lately introduced to madden the bull, such as explosive-laden darts and fire-cracker darts; but Spain remains strictly conventional in its attitude to feminine activities, and it proffered no welcome to Señorita Conchita Cintron, the only woman bull-fighter in the world, when she flew to Europe from her homeland in Peru. Señorita Cintron, aged twenty-three and a fighter of five years' standing, has been welcomed in France, however, and recently she appeared in the Bayonne Ring, not far from the Spanish border, where she accounted for two bulls with her usual skill, and received 600 guineas as a reward for her appearance. Señorita Cintron, whose expressed desire to entertain British Bank Holiday crowds is not likely to be gratified, has already amassed a fortune of £50,000, and she intends to double it before her retirement in a few years' time. In Peru the Señorita fights on foot as well as on horseback. As a young girl she was trained in horsemanship by Señor de Camara, a Spanish nobleman, and from others she gained a mastery of one of the world's most exacting, dangerous and unnecessary callings

CONCHITA CINTRON PREPARES TO ENTER THE BAYONNE ARENA: The Peruvian woman bull-fighter watching the early stages of the bull-fight before going in to play her part. She wears a dark, wide-brimmed hat, a neatly-cut jacket, and a leather skirt, elaborately adorned. Señorita Cintron has been bull-fighting for five years

CLOSING STAGES OF THE FIGHT: The bull, maddened by the banderillas in his shoulders, charges the Señorita, who evades him with a cloak and pricks him with her sword at the same time. In a few moments she will deliver "the pass of death"

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

WORDSWORTH, COLERIDGE, SOUTHEY: A TRIPLE BIOGRAPHY

Malcolm Elwin Sums Up Three Romantics, and Wordsworth Emerges the Least Happily from the Survey

MR. MALCOLM ELWIN'S triple biography of Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey is an ambitious and, in the main, a successful undertaking. He has seen these three poets as THE FIRST ROMANTICS (Macdonald. 15s.), and as three figures whose lives should always be considered against the political background of the times in which they lived. They were born in the 1770's within six years of each other, and were therefore young men when the French Revolution was at its height.

The idealism of those days woke quick and brilliant responses in the three youths—"*Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, But to be young was very Heaven!*" And individually and collectively, the three friends tried to preserve that spark, and the integrity of their own convictions through the hysteria of the war that followed. Mr. Elwin finds a parallel at this point between Coleridge's plan for a "pantisocracy" and D. H. Lawrence's idea, 120 years later, for a colony or "community which is established upon the assumption of goodness in the members, instead of the assumption of badness."

There are parallels, too, the author points out, between the attitude of these three and the attitude of some of the intellectuals in the last two great wars which give the book a sharp relevance, but many readers, I think, will enjoy the volume chiefly for the purely biographical material rather than for the theories. The chapters on the different youths of the three men, for instance, are superbly done, and the contrasts between them effectively handled: Coleridge the charmer, Southey the "clever young prig," and Wordsworth the uncouth.

Mr. Elwin has no opinion at all of Wordsworth's character, and makes it amusingly plain what his views are on the nature of the great poet, though not on his achievement. He quotes Hazlitt's description of him: "Have you seen a horse, Sir? Well, then, you have seen Wordsworth, Sir," which reminds me irresistibly of my favourite humorous columnist, and in general emphasises the boorishness and egotism which marked Wordsworth's character increasingly.

There is an urbanity and a harmony about Mr. Charles Morgan's new novel—his first for six years—which is a sweet relief after some of the ponderous and prolix tomes, masquerading as novels, that I have read during those years. Mr. Morgan has a story to tell, and a theme to develop, and he does both with exquisite clarity, restraint and effect.

THE JUDGE'S STORY (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.) is a perfectly chosen title in its simplicity and directness. This is indeed the story of Mr. Justice Gaskony, and, since no human being can live the span of his years unaffected or unrelated to the lives of at least a handful of other people, it is also the story of the girl Vivien, whom he regards as his daughter; of Henry, her amiable but defaulting husband, and of Severidge, that immensely wealthy and powerful man who deliberately sets out to attempt to mould their three lives to his pattern—and fails.

For me, there are always undertones of the best of the late Victorians in Mr. Morgan's writing, and I find it all the better for that. This is a novel of good taste, as it is a novel for the reader of taste.

FLIP WONDERS WHY, by Johan Fabricius (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), is a light-hearted account of a Dutch boyhood which I enjoyed very much. Flip, who is nearly six, is a spoiled brat, and the author knows it. His mother spoils him, of course, and so does his very disagreeable and interfering grandmother. Even his father does a little. And as for Aagje, the maid, she adores Flip more than anybody else.

Each chapter of the book describes one incident. There is the occasion when Flip falls off the greengrocer's horse, which was frightened by the car of the fat man who lives opposite. The fat man is contrite, but not quite contrite enough. Then there is Flip's appearance as the Seventh Dwarf in the play "Snow White." He shows off outrageously, and ends up with his beard on fire.

All these anecdotes (which we may assume are reminiscences) have a background which the reader can fill in. The parents are evidently not very rich, their maid gets into trouble with the greengrocer, the woman who lives down the road is evidently not very respectable, but very rich, and so on. The characters, likewise, though seen through the eyes of the child, are easy to visualise as they really are. The sketch of the grandmother, in particular, is admirable. She spoils everything that was going to be fun, interferes and insists upon having her own way.

This book has charm, and like all Mr. Fabricius' work, is particularly strong in atmosphere.

The great and perilous North-West, with its winter dangers of ice and wolves, and the summer dangers of forest fires and mosquitoes, is the setting of a novel by Benedict and Nancy Freedman. It is their first novel, but they are probably convinced already that writing is the best of all professions, since this first attempt has been having a prodigious success in America.

MRS. MIKE (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.) is the story of an Irish-American girl who goes on a visit to an uncle in the Canadian province of Alberta at the beginning of this century, and stays on to marry the handsome, red-coated sergeant of the North-West Mounted Police. With him she travels a thousand miles farther north, to the remote Indian village which is Sergeant Mike's post, and from which he ranges over an immense territory as law-giver and law-enforcer, and as doctor, judge, dentist, priest and friend.

The two best points about the book are, that it tells a story, a reasonably fresh story, of the unusual lives of two people very much in love, and both courageous enough to shape their own destinies in the most forbidding circumstances. The weak point is that the approach is unnecessarily sentimental.

THE ANNUAL "KNIGHTHOOD OF THE GREEN" CONTEST IS PLAYED ON ENGLAND'S OLDEST BOWLING GREEN: The Knights measure the distance of the wood to the jack on the famous green at Southampton, which has been maintained since the year 1299. Bowls has been in vogue in Britain since the thirteenth century. It even survived penal statutes made in the interests of archery and the evil plight into which it was plunged after the Restoration, when it was regarded as little more than a "pothouse recreation." The "Knighthood of the Green" contest at Southampton was established in the reign of George III by Harry Miller. The knights wear top-hats and frock-coats, and address each other as "Sir"

Whether or not the inimitable Talleyrand spent the greater part of the Vienna Congress in the arms of Dorothea, Comtesse Edmond de Perigord is obviously as much a matter for the tellers of *histoires galantes* as for the serious student of early nineteenth-century politics in Europe. What is certain is that Countess Waldeck, in LUSTRE IN THE SKY (Peter Davies. 12s. 6d.), has been able to build an extremely readable romance around that supposition.

"The Prince de Talleyrand had returned from Germany very much in love with his niece, Madame Edmond de Perigord. It was a mad passion, it was said, a little bit senile, which dominated and possessed him and drove him almost crazy. . . . The passion, incidentally, was not without tempests. . . ."

In other words, all the essentials of a romantic novel, to be told in the modern idiom, and, equally incidentally, very well done.

CESARE BORGIA AND RUDOLF HESS

Books About Two Totalitarians and Other New Publications Briefly Reviewed

Cesare Borgia, known to all the world as a sinister, Machiavellian figure who stopped at nothing in the achievement of his ambitions, whose indifference to human life was as much a byword as the luxury and debauchery of his Court, has for these very reasons been revealed but seldom in anything like a true perspective. That he was a superb military strategist is a known fact (did he not conquer Siena, Perugia and Urbino before the age of twenty-seven?), but the world has chosen to dwell upon his alleged act of fratricide and to half-forget the soldierly qualities of this Captain-General of the Papal Armies who fought to restore the lost states of the Holy See. That Cesare was a ruler of remarkable sagacity, dispensing justice and imparting order in the short but brilliant period of his rule in the Romagnas, there is also no gainsaying; but historians have preferred to enlarge upon the sensuality of his way of life, the pomp and flamboyance of his Court. Charles Yriarte, a French biographer of distinction, has undoubtedly helped to restore the balance, and in his life of CESARE BORGIA (Francis Aldor. 12s. 6d.) we have a biography that does not pander for one moment to sensationalism, but, with dramatic and eloquent force, parades before us the dazzling career of this extraordinary figure of the Renaissance. At twenty Cesare Borgia was a Cardinal; at twenty-seven he was a conqueror, the one man of his day with the ability to unite disrupted Italy; at thirty-one he died a hero's death, fighting against desperate odds, upon the field of Vian, in a dark corner of Navarre and at a moment when his personal fortunes had waned with the death of his father, Pope Alexander VI. Cesare Borgia's name can never be cleansed, for he employed such diabolical means to reach his objectives, and the fall of this formidable man, who had caused the whole of Italy to tremble, and whose name and fame had spread through the world, was a blessing and a relief. Despite his failings, his follies and his vices, he remains an absorbing, magnetic figure, inviting speculation, and it is easy to understand how, Napoleon-like, his death was supplanted by an enduring legend.

From Cesare Borgia to Rudolf Hess is a far cry in point of time and in point of temperament. Between the profligate favourite of the Vatican, an adventurer typical of the Renaissance but cleverer and more unscrupulous than his rivals, and the hypochondriac lieutenant of Hitler, an adventurer, it is true, but with few brains and not much Machiavellian cunning, there is more than the gap of four centuries. Both owed their status to another (Cesare Borgia to Pope Alexander, Rudolf Hess to Adolf Hitler), but there the resemblance ends. In THE CASE OF RUDOLF HESS (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.), Dr. J. R. Rees, marshalling the evidence of a number of noted physicians, gives a very clear picture of the mental and physical state of this Nazi second-in-command who thought that by one master-stroke—a flight to the Scottish estate of the Duke of Hamilton—he could convince Britain of the futility of further conflict against Germany, the urgency of a united front against Russia. Dr. Rees presents the case with skill, and at the finish we are left with the impression that Hess's personality, "in its degree of morbidity in the direction of a paranoid psychosis," did not differ markedly from that of the average Nazi. It is the evidence of seven skilled doctors, and therefore deserves respect. Besides revealing a dreary, self-centred and fanatical personality, it is a powerful indictment of the whole Nazi race. The reader of these two books might well be excused if he declared, "Give me the Borgias any day."

Viscount Samuel has in fifty years of reading made a scrap-book of significant sayings, of phrases and passages that have appealed to him personally. Now a few thousand of these are published under the title A BOOK OF QUOTATIONS (Cresset Press. 15s.). The result is a carefree variation on Benham and Bartlett, with Goethe, Shakespeare, Carlyle, Ibsen and Milton rubbing shoulders with Peter Fleming, Arthur Koestler, Humbert Wolfe, and Alexander Woolcott. It is all good and sometimes wise entertainment, and as a bedside soporific, beyond compare. First prize, in this reviewer's estimate, goes to La Rochefoucauld: "We have all strength enough to endure the troubles of other people."

Three travel books to note are NORMANDY (Hodder and Stoughton. 18s.), a new addition to "The People's France," edited by Alan Houghton Brodrick; MOUNTAIN TRAIL (Allen and Unwin. 16s.), a rambler's tour of Peakland, the Pennines and the Cheviots; and ROMANTIC INISHOWEN (Hodges Figgis and Co. 10s. 6d.), an illustrated, historical account of the great peninsula of Donegal.

BYZANTINE LEGACY (Allen and Unwin. 25s.) is the work of Cecil Stewart, lecturer in Medieval History at the Architectural Association. The award of the Andrew Grant Scholarship gave Mr. Stewart the chance to travel in Europe, and this book is the direct result of that tour. The drawings and photographs are admirable, and the chapter on Mount Athos Monastery has very much more than architectural interest.

You can rely on Aquascutum

Aquascutum raincoats, tested and proved in English weather, have been world-famous for nearly a century. They are perfectly cut and tailored and thoroughly dependable. There's an Aquascutum coat for every outdoor occasion.

Aquascutum

100 Regent St., W.1. Regent 4114

Aquascutum Coats are also available in your town.

AMONG THOSE PRESENT . . . Wherever the Sunbeam-Talbot goes, it is the centre of attraction . . . its swiftness in traffic, its sparkling performance on the open road, and its elegance all mark it as an exclusive car.

THE SUPREME **SUNBEAM-TALBOT**

TEN AND TWO-LITRE

PRODUCTS OF THE ROOTES GROUP

Playing card QUEEN series: No. 4

The Queen was like this in 1706....

She carried a mace, and her Knave a flower — the reverse of to-day.

and like this in 1753 . . . .

Suits represented by clubs, swords, and other weapons.

HIGHLAND QUEEN GRAND LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

never changes . . .

MACDONALD & MUIR LTD. Distillers, **LEITH, SCOTLAND**

The craftsman-built tyre

for the Silent Sports Car

BENTLEY CARS ARE FITTED AS ORIGINAL EQUIPMENT WITH INDIA — THE FINEST TYRES MADE

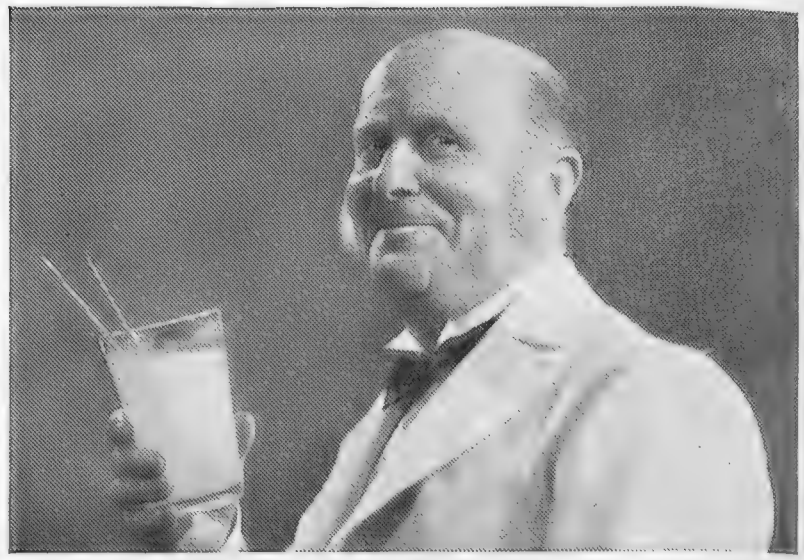
The exclusive soap for the discerning woman

8½d.

Embassy Soap

A. & F. PEARS LTD., LONDON

PY 20 995



As the saying goes,

says OLD HETHERS

it's just what the doctor ordered. Now you, madam, drink my barley water because you like it and find it refreshing, but you'd be surprised at the number of people who drink it because their doctors advised them to. Funny, isn't it, that such a pleasant drink should be medicinal? . . . Well, if you make it from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley it takes next to no time, just like brewing a pot of tea. Of course, when the bottled kind comes back, I'll let Robinson's do the work.

Barley Water from

ROBINSON'S

'PATENT' BARLEY

CVS-108

THE

STANDARD

FOURTEEN COUPÉ

THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY

LONDON: STANDARD HOUSE, 37 DAVIES STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1. Telephone: Mayfair 5011

STANDARD CARS · FERGUSON TRACTORS · TRIUMPH CARS

SEPTEMBER 1

Take action to avoid

COLDS

It would indeed be pleasant to assure you that a course of Serocalcin is a guarantee that you will not have a cold during the winter. Unfortunately such an assurance is impossible because there is no absolutely certain way to escape colds.

But Serocalcin may help you. It has succeeded in thousands of cases. If you suffer from colds Serocalcin is well worth a trial.

PREVENTION OF COLDS
Two Serocalcin tablets are taken daily for 30 days. In many cases this gives 3 to 4 months immunity from colds.

TREATMENT OF AN EXISTING COLD
Three tablets are taken three times daily. Commenced in the early stages of a cold this often clears up the attack in two or three days. Serocalcin is suitable both for adults and children.

The immunising course of 60 Serocalcin tablets costs 8/5½d. Treatment pack of 20 tablets—3/4½d.

SEPTEMBER 1

All who suffer from colds are invited to send to Harwoods Laboratories Ltd., Watford, for descriptive booklet "Immunity from Colds."

Take SEROCALCIN Regd.

FOR THE PREVENTION AND TREATMENT OF COLDS

Poised perfection... as in the stillness of Arum lilies... or in the sculptured serenity of your profile as you pause for a moment, gratefully aware of your success! Silently you thank the Yardley creams and lotions which have helped you attain this perfection, so like the fragrant freshness of a flower. *Complexion Milk 6/6, Skin Food 6/6. Including tax. (Sorry, no post orders)* YARDLEY

MAPPIN PLATE

formerly known as Prince's Plate

AT PRESENT ONLY LIMITED SUPPLIES OF MAPPIN PLATE ARE AVAILABLE FOR THE HOME MARKET. THE OUTPUT OF OUR SHEFFIELD MANUFACTORY BEING MAINLY ALLOCATED FOR EXPORT AND PRIORITY ORDERS. ENQUIRIES ARE INVITED AND EVERY EFFORT WILL BE MADE TO SATISFY THEM

MAPPIN AND WEBB LIMITED

LONDON SHOWROOMS:
156-162 OXFORD ST., W.1 2 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.4 172 REGENT ST., W.1
SHEFFIELD: SHOWROOMS, NORFOLK ST.
BUENOS AIRES RIO DE JANEIRO JOHANNESBURG BOMBAY PARIS BIARRITZ

Town and Country

Gleneagles by SAXONE

SAXONE SHOE COMPANY LIMITED, KILMARNOCK
Branches in all large towns. For personal shoppers only. G.3a

W.B Melody WOOL

Spun by Briggs at Beck Mills Clayton, Yorks

W.B. Good Wools are a guarantee of satisfaction.
W.B. Melody 3-ply is one in this exclusive range.

Knitting instructions for this smart Diamond Rib Jumper are given in coloured Penelope leaflet No. M 1273, price 4d. from your wool shop or if any difficulty in obtaining send 5d. to Penelope of

Wm. Briggs & Co. Ltd., 34 Cannon St., Manchester 4.
The HOME of PENELOPE TRACED NEEDLEWORK and BRIGGS TRANSFERS.

Riley

for Magnificent Motoring

"The new Riley steering is out of the ordinary in more ways than one. Perhaps its great accuracy is due in part to the fact that there is virtually no back lash or lost motion at all. Anyway, for once there was excuse for the passenger who murmured the cliché about running on rails. Yet, despite this precision, there is very little castor effect, at any rate so far as the feel of the wheel indicates." vide "The Motor.

90 H.P. 2½ litre Saloon £880 plus £245 3s. 10d. Purchase Tax.
1½ litre Saloon ... £675 plus £168 5s. 0d. Purchase Tax.

Riley—as old as the industry—as modern as the hour

RILEY (COVENTRY) LIMITED, COVENTRY

NUFFIELD PRODUCT

LONDON SHOWROOMS: "RILEY CARS" 55-56, PALL MALL S.W.1

CAMUS

"LA GRANDE MARQUE"

COGNAC

CARTAUX (LONDON) LTD. 44, CHANCERY LANE, W.C.2.
Telephone: CHANCERY 7234

Just the job

FOR WORK OR PLEASURE-TOWN OR COUNTRY!

PHILLIPS

for preference

J. A. PHILLIPS & CO. LTD. CREDENDA WORKS · BIRMINGHAM

GRIGOR for VIGOR

Traditional quality
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
in original OLD-FASHIONED FLASK

Unsurpassed in quality, although restricted in distribution by scarcity of old stocks

WILLIAM GRIGOR & SON
INVERNESS

A Study in comfort . . .

For hours of relaxation the 'Wandalite' is a boon. Adjustable to any angle at a finger-touch the 'Wandalite' is of modern design with ivory lacquer finish. Available now at high-class stores and electrical dealers.

WANDALITE
ADJUSTABLE TABLE LAMP

CORNERCROFT (PLASTICS) LTD · ACE WORKS · COVENTRY

WL 19

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO. LTD. EDINBURGH AND LONDON

44

OPERATION 'Playtime'

Playing its vital part in the task of restoring Britain's recreational facilities, is the Sunley organisation . . . . bringing unrivalled experience to the construction and renovation of Playing Fields, Tennis Courts, Pavilions, Grandstands, etc.

A high degree of mechanisation is backed by a sound organisation—ensuring a smooth and speedy completion of every project.

Head Office: Sunleys Island, Great West Road, Brentford, Middlesex. Telephone: EALing 6023.
London Office: 24, Berkeley Square, W.1. Telephone: MAYfair 9090.
Works: Northampton. Telephone: Northampton 5262.

SUNLEYS (LONDON) LTD.

SPORTS GROUNDS SPECIALISTS. BUILDERS OF PAVILIONS AND GRANDSTANDS

DIRECT SERVICE
to
BRITTANY
VIA SOUTHAMPTON—ST. MALO
by NEW S.R. Steamer
"FALAISE"

MONDAYS & WEDNESDAYS		TUESDAYS & THURSDAYS	
LONDON (Waterloo)	dep. 8.30 p.m.	ST. MALO/DINARD	dep. 9†0 p.m.
Southampton Docks	dep. 11.0 p.m.	Southampton Docks	arr. 6.0 a.m.
ST. MALO/DINARD	arr. 8.0 a.m.	LONDON (Waterloo)	arr. 10.0 a.m.

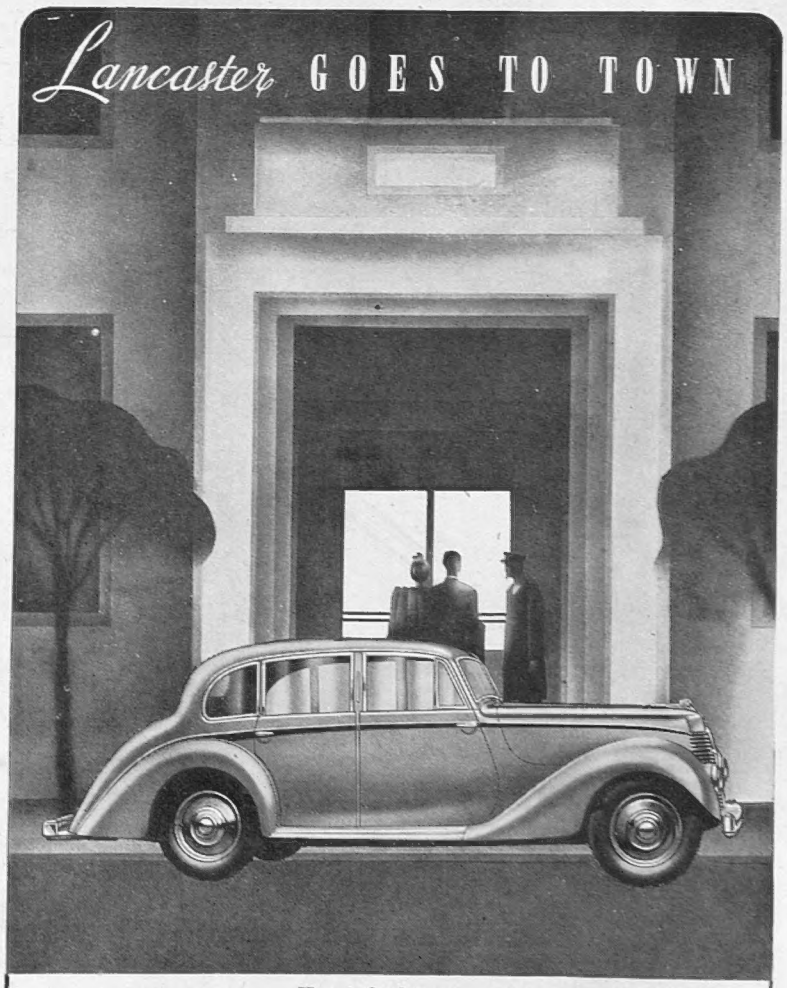
†8.0 p.m. from Sept. 2nd

★S.S. *"FALAISE"* — *3,600 tons, Oil-burning Turbine Steamer (latest addition to S.R. Fleet), 20½ Knots, Radar-equipped, fitted with Denny-Brown Stabilizer and latest navigational aids. Air-conditioned. Fluorescent lighting. Private cabin accommodation for 282 passengers. Excellent restaurants.*

For tickets and information apply to principal Travel Agencies of the

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

Lancaster GOES TO TOWN

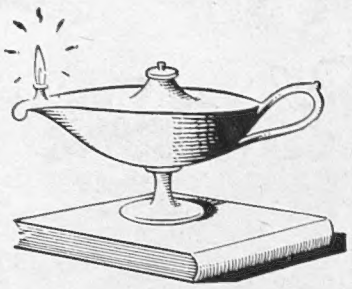


ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY

Here indeed is a car to win esteem . . . with lines that are elegant yet purposeful; appointments that are pleasant yet practical; a performance that is svelte or spirited, as you will.
The Lancaster is a six-light 16 hp six cylinder saloon. The price is £995 plus purchase tax.

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LTD., COVENTRY. *Branch of Hawker Siddeley Aircraft Co. Ltd.*

RPr210F



"In the present state of medical knowledge..."

"The important thing is that it *does* work, though we may not know exactly *why*." Often you will hear the wise and candid doctor of today make a remark like this about Penicillin, or the Sulphonamides, those great new discoveries of medical science. And about an old discovery as well — 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic. Opinions differ as to exactly *why* the special combination which is only found in 'Sanatogen' works wonders with exhausted nerves: but there is no difference of opinion about the fact that it does.

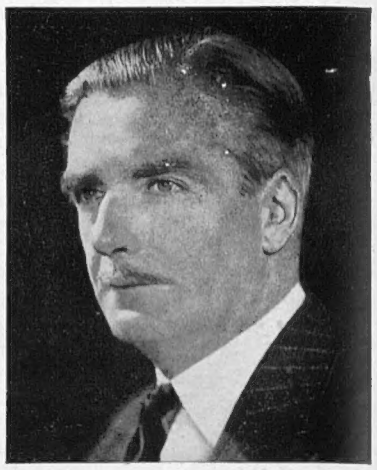
'SANATOGEN'
Regd. Trade Mark
NERVE TONIC
In one size only at present—7/5d. (including Purchase Tax).
A 'Genatosan' Product.

Help him to build this New World!

HOME
LOVE
HAPPINESS
EDUCATION
CITIZENSHIP

OVER 5,000 CHILDREN NOW IN OUR CARE

GIFTS gratefully received by the Secretary, W. R Vaughan, O.B.E.,
Church of England **CHILDREN'S SOCIETY** (formerly Waifs & Strays)
OLD TOWN HALL, KENNINGTON, S.E.11



MR. ANTHONY EDEN
writes:

"Medical Science and skill are employing every weapon in their power to combat this dread disease. But it is to us they turn for the necessary funds to help relieve the terrible sufferings of thousands of human beings. Our contributions will further research which will one day doubtless find a cure for cancer. Every penny we can spare brings that day nearer."

Please send a Gift to the Treasurer

The Royal Cancer Hospital
(FREE)
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

THE LIVING MEMORIAL

If present-day restrictions complicate the choice of form for your War Memorial, remember the

BRITISH LEGION APPEAL

(HAIG'S FUND)
26 ECCLESTON SQ., LONDON, S.W.1
War Memorial monies entrusted to the Legion will strengthen your nation-wide ex-Service welfare organisation, or can be devoted to Legion convalescent homes for ex-Service people, specific medical treatment schemes, or the training and rehabilitation of the disabled.

Andy ADAGES No. 22

Every couple is not a pair . . . but every pair of ANDY Garden Gloves gives safe and sure protection against cuts and scratches when gardening. Tough yet flexible, they will withstand endless wear, wetting and washing.

"THESE ARE THE GLOVES YOU HAVE HEARD ABOUT"

3/11 per pair from all Ironmongers & Stores, or direct **4/2** post free. (State size and send 1 coupon per pair).
TEDSON THORNLEY & CO.
ROCHDALE

Andy Regd. GARDEN GLOVES

A good mixer in any company!

Beautiful and distinctive . . . in gleaming chromium with red, green or black relief. Price complete 74/9. Supplies very limited. Leaflet on request to:—
SPARKLETS LTD. LONDON N.18

THE NEW *Streamline* SPARKLET

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS
ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY
Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Meet your friends in the RICHMONDE LOUNGE of the
NORFOLK HOTEL, BOURNEMOUTH
One of Britain's finest hotels
and listen-in to the Norfolk Hotel Broadcasting Orchestra

CREST HOTEL, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX
"A wee bit of Scotland in Sussex." Under the personal direction of Mrs. Eglinton Adams. A fully-equipped first-class Hotel with nearby Golf and Riding. Cocktail Lounge. Central Heating throughout. All-weather Tennis Court. Lift. Tel.: 394.

Westward Ho? Spend a night or more at
The ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL, Exeter
in the quiet of the Cathedral Close

BURLINGTON, FOLKESTONE
Situated on The Leas facing the sea. Ideal for a restful holiday with good food and courteous service. Fully Licensed. Lift, and all modern comforts. Special winter terms. Telephone: 4663

THE GEORGIAN HOTEL
HASLEMERE, SURREY
Spend a Restful Holiday at this Charming Country Hotel. Good cooking. Fully licensed. Two acres of "old-world" gardens. Tel. Management—268 for Tariff.

HENDON HALL HOTEL, HENDON, N.W.4
Residential accommodation can now be booked for long or short stays. Many rooms with private baths. All with P.O. Telephones. Fully licensed. From 8 gns. E. Victor, Managing Director.

THE HAND HOTEL, LLANGOLLEN
One of the best known and best equipped hotels in North Wales, at entrance to the Welsh Tyrol Quiet, restful, amidst beautiful scenery. H. and C. running water all bedrooms. Good train service, Close station. Terms from 22/6 per day incl. Salmon fishing. Tel.: Llangollen 3207.

GREAT BRITAIN'S GREATEST HYDRO
SMEDLEY'S at MATLOCK, DERBYSHIRE
Health is everything! Nature and medical skill combine to make amends for the ailments caused by a troubled age. For further details write the Secretary.

MOOR HALL HOTEL, NINFIELD, Near BATTLE
The sunny Sussex Coast is enticing, especially with this Country House, 10 mins. from Bexhill, as one's base. Comfortable beds, plentiful fare. Own riding stables. Hard tennis court. Dancing. Golf. Licensed. From 7 gns. Telephone: Ninfield 330

THE VICTORIA HOTEL, SIDMOUTH (FACING THE SEA)
Come and be Spoilt! Food you will enjoy. Breakfast in bed. Telephone and self-controlled wireless by your bedside. And according to your whims, Resident Orchestra, Dancing, Golf, Bridge, Putting, Cocktail Lounge—or just relaxation in our Sun Lounge. Kenneth Drew, General Manager. Tel.: 951.

PM in a pipe means pleasure majeure

World-famous for its cool, slow-burning sweetness, it gives the fullest pleasure in every fill.

Presbyterian
SMOKING MIXTURE
"My thoughts grow in the aroma of that particular tobacco."
EARL BALDWIN
A. GALE & CO. LTD., GLASGOW, C.1

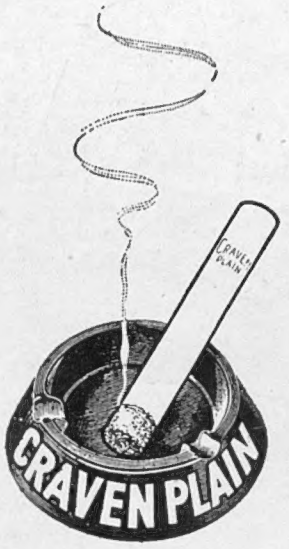
The ALL-BRITISH **Conway Stewart**

GIVES PERSONALITY TO YOUR WRITING

The Popular Pen with the Marvellous Nib

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. SATURDAY AUGUST 23, 1947. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

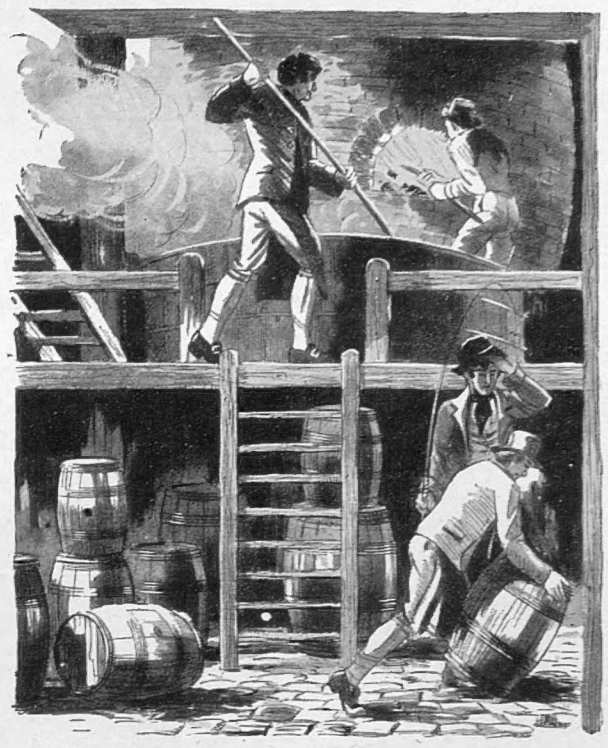
You will find the new 2'6 packing helpful



So well-filled, with such fine Tobacco, CRAVEN PLAIN in the new '15' packing will solve your spending problem.

15 for 2'6

10's one-and-eightpence 20's three-and-fourpence

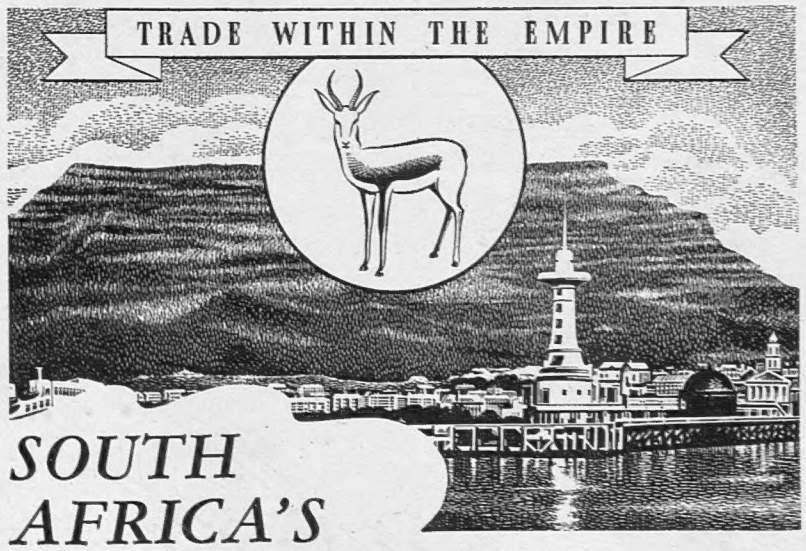


'THE BOOK OF ENGLISH TRADES' 1818 *says* :—
"In large breweries, such as that which belongs to Mr. Whitbread in Chiswell Street, the process of mashing cannot be performed by human labour; it is therefore effected by machinery that is kept moving by means of the steam engine."

Estd. 1742

WHITBREAD

Brewers of Ale and Stout



SOUTH AFRICA'S vast trading potentialities

The Overseas Branch of National Provincial Bank, with its long experience and specialised knowledge, offers unique facilities for providing first-hand information relative to South African and Empire Markets, and all countries throughout the world.

A staff of experts is available to deal with every type of transaction, commercial or private, between this country and any part of the world.

Consult the local Branch Manager of

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK
LIMITED

Head Office:
15, BISHOPSGATE,
LONDON, E.C.2

NPB for service

Principal Overseas Branch:
1, PRINCES STREET,
LONDON, E.C.2

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 1s. 6d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Behind me I've a long matured tradition,
Unchanging in a world that's changing fast;
Though marching with the times, I've still a mission
To keep alive the spirit of the past.

JOHNNIE WALKER
SCOTCH WHISKY
Born 1820—
still going
strong

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Saturday, August 23, 1947. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.